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A FEW HINTS
ON THE
PRONUNCIATION
OF THE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE;

EXHIBITING MANY PREVAILING ERRORS AND CORRUPTIONS
COMMITTED IN WRITING AND CONVERSATION, AND
SUGGESTING A MEANS OF IMPROVEMENT:

TO WHICH IS ADDED
A VARIETY OF ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

FROM THE BEST AUTHORS,

AS EXERCISES FOR READING, AND ACQUIRING A CORRECT
STYLE OF COMPOSITION;

INSTRUCTIVE FOR ALL CLASSES,

AND ALSO

PECULIARLY ADAPTED FOR FOREIGNERS.

By M. ARDOR.

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NOTE.—It is necessary to mention, that frequently in the accented pages, the monosyllables have been supplied with accents, for the purpose of guiding the Foreigner, as he is liable to mispronounce them. Also some words in which double letters occur, such as *supply*, the accent sometimes is placed on the second *p*; this by no means affects the pronunciation. In words where an improper diphthong occurs, the accent sometimes has been given on the letter which is sounded, as in *defeat* the accent is placed over the *e*, as the *a* is silent, thus to prevent misguiding the student.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is no language at present existing in the world so interwoven with technicalities, so complicated in idiom, and so abounding with difficulties to the student, as the English. It cannot be gained by the ear alone, as many persons seem to imagine; and those who are desirous of speaking and writing it *correctly*, can never do so without strict perseverance, and a firm determination regarding *regular* study, which will greatly aid the *memory*, for on this chiefly depends the ultimate and paramount success of the pupil. Many persons possessing good talents and acquirements, fall into a serious error with regard to this branch of education. They suppose that as they are living in a country where every word, letter, and form strike upon the ear and eye in characters peculiarly English, there is no very great necessity for them to devote much time and labour to

its orthography, thinking so much must be, or can be, gathered in reading and conversation. It therefore follows, many individuals are met, even in the higher classes, excelling in the various accomplishments of this age, especially in those bearing the foreign stamp, and yet perchance when they are called upon to compose a simple letter to a friend or acquaintance, their whole nervous system is shaken, and suffering from the mere consciousness of being unable to write pleasantly to themselves, or freely and plainly to others. They have perhaps received a letter, in which some striking imperfections were but too visible, and consequently the idea of transgressing in a similar manner themselves, is presented in a more tangible and humiliating form. There is another evil, if possible even more trying and aggravating to the mind than the above, arising from carelessness in studying the native language. When going into society, young persons naturally and ardently desire to appear willing and able to take a part in conversation, as there always lurks, even in the most humble and retiring nature, a yearning to be known, sympathised with, and loved. The disposition is prompted, therefore, to display the fairest colours. To such, opportunities may arise for refuting certain slanderous charges against the absent; or of answering,

reputably, principles which are advanced antagonistic to our own; or an aspiring candidate may have the chance of proposing to the company a new idea. All these attempts and spirit-soarings may be painfully and eternally crushed beneath the stern relentless barrier, which we ourselves have contributed to render more firm, by planting against it the barricades of our own neglected time. We know very well what words would be proper for us to use in expressing ourselves at such times, but the difficulty remains *how to pronounce them properly*. We have read them over and over again in books, but when it is necessary to use them ourselves, the questions arise—What peculiar sound belongs to each syllable? Where is the accent laid? And which are the silent letters? &c. And by the time we have substituted a simpler expression, or words we have heard spoken by others, the opportunity, and perhaps the freshness and originality of our ideas are lost; and we either follow in the track of another, or, what is worse, content ourselves with an unusual portion of silence. Or, if bold enough to sail by a chart of our own manufacture, of course we may imagine the company will overlook the philosophy of our reasoning, in the glaring inconsistency of our speech, determining at the same time upon our amount of educational

wealth ; and the very attempt we have hazarded, with a desire to please, is arrayed so as to invest us with the unenviable title of *ignoramus*.

It can be honestly affirmed, many young persons in this country that can strike off in brilliant style Mozart's or Beethoven's overtures, on harp, piano, &c.—that can paint like nature,—speak French or German like natives,—dance like sylphs,—embroider with fairy fingers,—translate dead languages, &c., &c., yet do they shun correspondence as a pestilence, because of awkward composition, and avoid their birthright of speech, because of not being certain in using the legitimate sound. And when it is too late we learn the bitter truth, that this one accomplishment would ever surpass all others, and that consequently it is the more jealous in preserving its prerogatives for those only who wisely and zealously seek to possess themselves of its mysteries.

And thus it is with the poor Foreigner ; he finds it so necessary to labour hard and unceasingly for this acquisition, which, while he sojourns among us, is of much importance, from the following reasons in particular. He feels how easy it is for designing persons to impose upon him in every possible way when once his betraying accent is heard ; and he is made to

experience most uncomfortably the absurd fancy that most of our people seem to possess, *viz.*, that of supposing every person not quite conversant in their language to be afflicted with a sympathetic deafness, which a more intimate association with themselves and their speech will doubtless clear away. Thus it may ever be known when a foreigner is making a purchase, or striking a bargain, by the very high-toned replies of the native. But this is a minor misery, which an ignorance of the English tongue involves upon the stranger, compared with the following. His slowness in comprehending the import of a communication, which is often very perceptible, (owing, perhaps, much to our using very little physical gesticulation in addressing others), often subjects him to be charged with dulness and want of intellectual power. He may also increase this opinion by the violent outward demonstration he may employ to make himself intelligible to us. It is well known where a narrowness of command over speech exists there must arise an overaction in delivery, which to some wise Englishmen furnish proof sufficient for their verdict of "Weakness in the brain!" •

As this little work is intended rather to aid the foreigner more effectually, it is hoped those intending

to speak our language fluently, will endeavour to surmount the principal difficulties which will be more particularly noticed, and explained in as simple a manner as possible. When it will soon be found, that the most diminutive word and insignificant sound really amount to the utmost consequence in pronouncing and articulating the English language.

A FEW HINTS, &c.

THE LETTER *H*.

ONE of the principal faults observable in the people of England, when conversing in their own language, is that of sinking the letter *h* in the beginning of words, where it ought to be sounded, and of sounding it either where it is not seen, or where it ought to be sunk. This habit is not confined to children, who I have observed even to avoid the mistake naturally, whilst their better-educated seniors constantly practise it. Nothing is, or can be, more jarring to a correct ear, and many would find a very simple exercise sufficient to remove it. For instance—let the person gather together those words which retain the *h* *without* the sound, which are the following: heir, heiress, hour, honour, honourable, honourably, humble, humbly, honest, honesty, hospital, hostler, herb, herbage, humour, humorous, humorsome, humorist, humorously. Where it must be observed that humour and its compounds, not only sink the *h*, but sound the *u*, like

the pronoun *you*, or the noun *yew*, as if written *yewmour*, *yewmorous*, &c.

Without setting the pupil right when he mispronounces the above words, or when he prefixes *h* improperly to others, I may state it would be better for him to pronounce all the words where *h* is sounded, until he has almost forgotten there are any others pronounced otherwise, than to go over those to which he improperly prefixes the *h*, and afterwards those where the *h* is seen but not sounded, then he need not fear falling into the error again easily.

But it must be remembered this exercise cannot benefit those who pass over it carelessly, or without particular application for the time. The habit being one acquired without immediate detection on our own part, and sometimes where the pupil has imbibed the peculiarity of drawing short breaths when speaking, or of enforcing his discourse upon the listener with a labouring motion of the chest. Many cannot say a few words without accompanying them with physical exercise, and laying undue stress upon every syllable, as though they could not be understood without being very energetic. With those persons the aspiration of the initial *h* is often used, where it is not seen or sounded. Nervous persons should study this exercise more particularly. It would not appear so strange to hear the scullion or waiter at the tavern deform the language in asking a customer if he would "*Are a glass of hale ?*" or in saying "*They are hall gone hout !*" But it certainly would be very singular, as well as

painful, to hear in the drawing room, a young lady or gentleman dilating upon the extreme *appiness* of being *independent* ! and how very *henergetic* certain parties were, &c. Many would condemn both classes alike, tracing the effects to the same cause, *viz.*, *ignorance* ; but as this is not always the case, let me beg my countrymen and women to lose no time in correcting this habit.

The next omission in sounding the *h* occurs in those words where the *w* precedes it. And we do not hear often the least distinction of sound between *where* and *wear*, *whet* and *wet*, *while* and *wile*, &c. Trifling as this difference may appear at first sight, it tends greatly to weaken and impoverish the pronunciation, as well as sometimes to confound words of very different meaning. The Saxons placed the *h* before the *w*, and this is certainly its true place, for in the pronunciation of all words beginning with *wh*, we ought to breathe forcibly before we pronounce the *w*, as if the words were written *hoo-at*, *hoo-ile*, &c., and then we shall avoid that feeble pronunciation which is so disagreeable to a correct ear.

THE LETTER A.

The pronunciation of *a*, as in *fast*, *grass*, &c., seems to have been for some years advancing to the short sound of this letter, as heard in *land*, *hand*, *grand*, &c.,

and pronouncing the *a* in after, answer, basket, plant, mast, &c. as long as in calf, half, &c., borders very closely on vulgarity. It must be observed, however, that the *a* before *u* in monosyllables, and at the end of words, was anciently written with *u* after it, and so probably pronounced as broad as the German *a*, such as salt, *sault*, and malt as *mault*! and we still write fault, vault, but since the *u* has vanished, the *a* has been gradually pronounced slenderer and shorter.

This letter is not used properly in many other words. The noun *Thames* is often pronounced as though written *Tems*; catch, among Londoners, seems to have degenerated into *ketch*; and says, has, among all classes, degenerated into *sez*. I am aware the above is a received pronunciation of this letter; nevertheless, it is quite a corrupt one. When the *a* is preceded by the gutturals, hard *g* or *c*, it is impolite pronunciation, softened by the intervention of sound like *e*, so that card, cart, guard, regard, are pronounced like *ke'ard*, *ke'art*, *ghe'ard*, *reghe'ard*. The word diamond is often pronounced so as to drop the *a* altogether, as if written *dimond*; but the word, in prose, ought to have three distinct syllables. In carriage, marriage, parliament, and miniature, the *a* is dropped, and the *i* has its short sound, as if written *carridge*, *marridge*, *parliment*, and *miniture*. The words quality and quantity are sometimes pronounced so as to rhyme—the former with legality. This is not proper; because the *g*, including the sound of the *w*, and being no more than this letter preceded by *k*, ought, accord-

ing to analogy, to broaden every *a* it goes before, like the *w*, thus quantity ought to be pronounced as if written *kwontity*, and quality should rhyme with jollity.

ABBREVIATION OF WORDS.

A very inelegant fashion of shortening words prevails too often, even among those whose abundant leisure cannot atone for the dismemberment of their speech. They, at least, ought to set the example of patiently adhering to the grammar, and of being disposed to express themselves according to rule. Thus we not only hear *can't*, *shan't*, *could'nt*, *would'nt*, *ain't*, *is'nt*, *do'nt*, *does'nt*, &c. constantly creeping into conversation, but also frequently seen in writing. This habit is very contagious; we do not recede in the evil; on the contrary, when we are accustomed so to cut through the language, it is often found our grammatical propriety suffers accordingly. For instance, how easy it is to say, and how *often* said, *It do'nt rain*, *She do'nt walk*, &c. I can assure my young readers, from experience, this habit is very tenacious, and difficult to overcome.

THE WORD *YOU*.

This word cannot be too carefully guarded against by speakers; there are so very few that give it the proper sound, and everywhere it is heard metamorphosed into *yer*. As, Where are *yer* going? What do *yer* want? &c.

LETTERS IMPROPERLY SOUNDED.

The letter *e* often falls into an irregular sound, but still a sound which is its nearest relation, in the words England, yes, and pretty, where the *e* is heard like short *i*. Vulgar speakers are guilty of the same irregularity in engine, as if written *ingine*, but this ought to be avoided. A corrupt foreign manner of pronouncing such words as diameter, diurnal, &c., as if they were written *de-ameter*, *de-urnal*, is contrary to the whole current of analogy, as the first syllable is equivalent to the verb to *die*. Many persons pronounce the words geography, geometry, and Georgics, as if written *goggraphy*, *jommetry*, and *jorgics*; the latter of these words seems to be fixed in this absurd pronunciation without remedy, but the two former ought certainly to recover their right to four syllables. Hence I may observe, that those who wish to pronounce properly, ought to sound the first syllable of biography, as the verb to *buy*, and not as if written

beography. Another grand mistake occurs in pronouncing the following words, sky, kind, guide, guise, disguise, catechise, guile, beguile, mankind. When the vowel *i* is preceded by *g* hard or *k*, which is only another form for hard *c*, it is pronounced as if an *e* were inserted between the consonant and the vowel, thus they are sounded as if written *ske-y*, *ke'ind*, *gue'ise*, *disgue'ise*, *catecha'ise*, *gue'ile*, *begue-ile*, *man-ke-ind*. But the pupil must not branch off too far in this pronunciation, in fact the exercise is one most delicate for the ear, and great nicety required so as not to give it too much of the vowel sound. We also hear very frequently the *w* so languidly pronounced in words where *a* occurs, that we are at a loss to know whether *a* really has been purposely left out by the speaker, or the last new pronouncing dictionary; and also confounding it with vowels of a very different kind, thus singular, regular, and particular are pronounced as if written *singe-lar*, *reg-e-lar*, and *partick-e-lar*; but nothing tends more to tarnish and vulgarize the pronunciation than this obscure sound of the unaccented *u*. It may, indeed, be observed, that there is scarcely anything more that distinguishes persons of mean and good education than the pronunciation of the unaccented vowels. *Leant*, the past time and participle of to lean, is now grown vulgar, the regular form *leaned* is far preferable. The word *buoy* ought to be pronounced as if written *bwoy*, although it is too often sounded like the word *boy*. The vulgar drop the letter *d* in the pronunciation of the words ordinary and extraordinary, so as

to render them *or'nary* and *extrd'or'nary*; but this is a very barbarous abbreviation; the best pronunciation is short enough, which is *ord'nary* and *extraord'nary*. It is quite proper and elegant to pronounce education as if written *edjucation*, but duke and reduce, where the accent is laid after the *d*, should not receive the sound of *juke* and *rejuice*, but the *d* should retain its original sound. There is a tendency to change the *f* into *v* in some words; thus we often hear of a *wive's* jointure and a *calve's* head, when it should be a wife's jointure and a calf's head.

As a great many words derived from the French have the letters *qu* in them, we pronounce them according to that language, thus in coquet, doquet, etiquette, masquerade, harlequin, oblique, antique, opaque, pique, piquant, piquet, burlesque, grotesque, casque, mosque, quadrille, quatercousin, the *qu* is pronounced like *k*. Quoif, and quoit ought to be pronounced like *coif*, *coit*. The words stupendous and tremendous are often most inexcusably pronounced as if written *stupendious* and *tremendious*, even by those who are otherwise correct; it ought to be remembered, no words are sounded in that manner unless the *i* follows the *d*, and that *dous* is always sounded like *dus*.

Many persons change the word *themselves* into *their-selves*, which is quite improper. As there are so many other words wrongly used in both conversation and writing, in order to be the more intelligible and palpable to the pupil, they will be arranged in sentences in the following chapter; where it will be found, at the com-

mencement, those words printed in *italics* are superfluous, and ought not to be used.

EXAMPLES.

The *latter* end of that man shall be peace. I saw it *in* here. They *both* met. I never fail to read *whenever* I can get a book. You must return *back* immediately. First *of all* I shall read this book. Before you do that you must *first* finish this. He plunged *down* into the water. This was the luckiest accident of all *others*. I went a little way but soon returned *back again*. I cannot tell *for* why he said so. Where shall I begin *from* when I read. This must be done last *of all*. I found nobody *else* but her there. Smoke ascends *up* into the clouds. He raised *up* his arm to strike me. I leave London in the *latter* end of the summer.

My every hope, should be *All my hopes*.

A young beautiful woman, should be *A beautiful young woman*.

A new pair of gloves, should be *A pair of new gloves*.

Where do you come from, should be *Whence do you come*.

I met her some five years ago, should be *I met her five years ago*.

Where are you going, should be *Whither are you going.*

About three years back, should be *About three years ago.*

He spoke contemptibly of me, should be *He spoke contemptuously of me.*

She was to come as this day, should be *She was to come this day.*

Opposite the church, should be *Opposite to the church.*

All over the land, should be *Over all the land.*

I had rather not, should be *I should rather not.*

Of consequence, should be *Consequently.*

I ain't hungry should be *I am not hungry.*

I heard them *pro* and *con*, should be *I heard both sides.*

I'd as lief, should be *I would as soon.*

It is apparent, should be *It is obvious.*

In its primary sense, should be *In its primitive sense.*

The subject matter, should be *The subject.*

I add one reason more, should be *I add one more reason.*

Be that as it will, should be *Be that as it may.*

No less than fifty persons, should be *No fewer than fifty persons.*

Having not considered it, should be *Not having considered it.*

It lays on the table, should be *It lies on the table.*

For good and all, should be *Totally and completely.*

I turn'd them topsy turvy, should be *I upset them.*

Will we see you next week? should be *Shall we see you next week?*

If I am not mistaken, should be *If I mistake not.*

I shall notice a few particulars, should be *I shall mention a few particulars.*

I think much shame, should be *I am much ashamed.*

She thinks long to see him, should be *She longs to see him.*

It is not much worth, should be *It is not worth much.*

He proposes to buy an estate, should be *He purposes to buy an estate.*

That militates against your doctrine, should be *That operates against your doctrine.*

He took a fever, should be *He was seized with a fever.*

Direct your letters to me, at— should be *Address your letters to me, at—*

The cock is a noisy beast, should be *The cock is a noisy fowl.*

Have you any word to your brother? should be *Have you any message to your brother?*

Several more of that opinion, should be *Several persons of that opinion.*

You will some day repent it, should be *You will one day repent of it.*

A momentous circumstance, should be *A momentous circumstance.*

He has been misfortunate, should be *He has been unfortunate.*

Get my big coat, should be *Get my great coat.*

Is she going to the school? should be *Is she going to school?*

A novel fashion, should be *A new fashion.*

He is too precipitant, should be *He is too hasty.*

Roasted cheese, should be *Toasted cheese.*

Sweet butter, should be *Fresh butter.*

A stupenduous work, should be *A stupendous work.*

A tremendous work, should be *A tremendous work.*

A summer's day, should be *A summer day.*

An oldish lady, should be *An elderly lady.*

A few broth, should be *Some broth.*

Take a drink, should be *Take a draught.*

A pair of partridges, should be *A brace of partridges.*

A milk cow, should be *A milch cow.*

He lays in bed till nine, should be *He lies in bed till nine.*

I mind none of them things, should be *I mind none of those things.*

Give me them books, should be *Give me those books.*

Close the door, should be *Shut the door.*

Let him be, should be *Let him alone.*

I mean to summons, should be *I mean to summon.*

That there house, should be *That house.*

Go and pull berries, should be *Go and gather berries.*

Pull roses, should be *Pluck or gather roses.*

I was maltreated, should be *I was illused.*

I see'd him yesterday, should be *I saw him yesterday.*

Did you tell upon him? should be *Did you inform him?*

Come here, should be *Come hither.*

I knowed that, should be *I knew that*.

She turned sick, should be *She grew sick*.

This here boy, should be *This boy*.

It is equally the same, should be *It is the same*.

That there man, should be *That man*.

This is far neater, should be *This is much neater*.

Is your papa in? should be *Is your papa within?*

Come in to the fire, should be *Come nearer the fire*.

Milk and bread, should be *Bread and milk*.

Come, say away, should be *Come, proceed*.

He is a widow, should be *He is a widower*.

She stops there, should be *She stays, dwells, or lodges there*.

Will we go home now? should be *Shall we go home now?*

He don't do it well, should be *He does not do it well?*

The palpable errors noticed in the foregoing exercises may seem to the pupil to be very dry and uninteresting to study, but as they are heard daily in conversation, and seen often in letters, &c., it is of too much consequence to omit them. Let any person when finding himself guilty in using one of these expressions, once endeavour to correct it, and vigorously apply himself to be careful and observant, he will find soon that he has mastered a tyrant that would fetter both tongue and idea, which, once done, self-possession and independence would return and reward him. It is in trifles principally the evil first finds entrance; and, indeed,

were it not so, we should find some difficulty in stopping a river when the springs remain unimpeded.

The exercises in the next chapter will be found most applicable to the foreigner. Some of them may appear to him very childish and simple, and entirely without oratory. Yet he must remember in learning the true pronunciation of a language no oratory is required. The reason why many are so deficient in this important part is, that simplicity has been too much overlooked and despised. And however many may flatter themselves in speaking English, let it be understood that when *small words* are *improperly pronounced* and *accents* very little *considered*, no such person *can, indeed, speak it at all*; and therefore no blame should be laid upon the language, when the pupil neglects the study of its elementary principles.



A VIEW OF THE SIMPLE AND DIPTHONGAL VOWELS.



THE VOWEL A.

1st.—The long slender English *a*, corresponding with the French sound of *féé, epeé*; as also in German with *geht, steht, fehlen, sehen, flehen*. In practising the following English words, let the pupil adhere to the same sound of the letter *a*: fate, date, late,

paper, taper, caper, base, lace, trace, face, came, lame, shame, sane, snare, prepare, compare, declare, aware, indicate, regale, &c. The diphthongs following, sound the same: (*ai*) fail, sail, frail, wail, lain, rain, chain, railway, again, proclaim, porcelain, maintain, distrain, &c.; (*ua*) persuade, &c.; (*ea*) break.

2nd.—The long Italian *a*, corresponding to the French sound in *fable*, *rabble*, and in German with *war*, *gar*, *fater*, *nach*, *lag*, *laden*. Exercise in the following English words: *far*, *father*, *rather*, *tar*, *bar*, *part*, *partridge*, *parson*, *partner*, *cart*, *smart*, *start*; diphthongs (*ea*) sound the same, as in *heart*, *hearken*.

3rd.—The broad German *a*, as in the French words *âge*, *châlons*; German *wie das plattdeutsche als*, as in *aal*, *wahl*, *gefahr*, *draht*; English words *fall*, *call*, *water*, *alter*, *salt*, *walk*, *war*, *warm*, *hall*; diphthongs (*oa*) sound the same, as in *abroad*; (*au*) *fraught*, *caught*, *draught*, *taunt*, *taught*, *flaunt*, *jaunt*, *launch*, *jaundice*, *laundress*, *saunter*, *vaunt*; (*aw*) *crawl*, *brawl*, *drawl*, *shawl*, *raw*, *bawl*, *awl*, *scrawl*, *yawl*.

4th.—The short sound of the Italian *a*, like the French sound of *fat*, *matin*; and in German like *gatte*, *watte*, *stadt*, *satt*, *sanft*, *fall*; English words *fat*, *cat*, *hat*, *bad*, *lad*, *mad*, *glad*, *crab*, *language*, *marry*, *carry*, *tarry*, *habit*, *rabbit*; diphthong (*ua*) *guarantee*.

THE VOWEL *E*.

1st.—The long *e*, as in French *mitre*, *epitre*; and in German as in *sieh*, *hier*, *miethen*, *lieben*; English words *me*, *he*, *she*, *be*, *we*, *the*, *negro*, *sphere*, *com-*

plete, compete; diphthongs (*ea*) as in tea, cheap, defeat, seat, heat, please, meat, eat, beat, leave, cheat, league, bleat, repeat; (*ei*) as perceive, receive, conceive, deceive, ceiling; (*ie*) as chief, relief, belief (*ee*), flee, see, decree, degree, agree, thee, glee, knee, bee, meet, breech, cheese, three, tree, absentee, trustee, patentee.

2nd.—The short *e*, as in the French words *mette*, *nette*; in German, *fett*, *nett*, *nennen*, *neffe*; English words net, met, pet, wet, get, set, bet, bed, led, fret, forget, fed, expend, lament, extent; diphthongs (*ea*) as in earth, dearth, breath, health, head, death, breast, bread, dead, instead, heavy, pleasure, realm, endeavour, threat, weapon, weather; (*ue*) guest, in which word the *u* is silent, guess, guerdon; (*ie*) friends, variegate.

THE VOWEL I.

1st.—The long diphthongal *i*, as in the French *aï*, *laïque*, *naïf*; and in German *mein*, *eitel*, *schild*, *sein*; English words title, pine, wine, shine, decline, wind, prize, wife, wise, rise, pike, life, bind, blind, child, &c.; (*ei*) height, sleight; (*ui*) guide, disguise, guile, beguile.

2nd.—The short simple *i*, as in the French *inné*, *titré*, and in German *sinn*, *finden*, *linden*, *kind*, *milch*, *sing*; English words pin, chin, sin, live, give, drift, swift, gift, ditch, thin, variety, quality, vermin; (*ui*) languid, anguish, build, biscuit, guild, guinea, conduit, &c.

THE VOWEL O.

1st.—The long open *o*, as in French *globe*, *lobe*;

in German *brod*, *noth*, *noch*, *bodn*, *leben*; English words *no*, *notice*, *motive*, *token*, *gold*, *fold*, *postage*, *most*, *ghost*, *rose*, *Rome*, &c.; (*oa*) *coat*, *roar*, *oat*, *loaf*, *board*; (*oe*) *doe*, *foe*, *sloe*, *toe*, *throe*, *bilboes*; (*oo*) *door*, *floor*; (*ou*) *thought*, *dough*, *shoulder*, *four*, *mould*, *soul*, *poultry*, *course*; (*ow*) *bestow*, *crow*, *slow*, *know*, *flower*, *sown*, *grown*, *throw*, *window*, &c.

2nd.—The long close *o*, as in French *mouvoir*, *pouvoir*; German *huf*, *stuf*, *stube*, *gut*; English words *prove*, *move*, *bosom*, *whose*, *lose*; (*oo*) *soon*, *soothe*, *fool*, *food*, *moon*, *good*; (*ou*) *group*, *amour*, *paramour*, *rendezvous*, *wound*, *tour*, *routine*, &c.

3rd.—The long broad *o*, as in French *for*, *encor*; German *nord*; English words *nor*, *for*, *borne*, *corps*, *force*, *forge*, *form*, *porch*, *abhor*; (*ou*) *sought*, *bought*, *fought*, *thought*, *wrought*, &c.

4th.—The short broad *o*, as in French *notte*, *cotte*; German *gott*, *sondern*, *wonne*; English words *not*, *got*, *hot*, *shot*, *long*, *song*, *despond*, *honor*.

THE VOWEL *U*.

1st.—The long diphthongal *u*, as in French *iou*, *cioutat*, *chiourme*; and in German *Jubel*; English words *tube*, *cupid*, *cubit*, *stupid*, *mule*, *mutual*, *minutely*, *flute*, *conductive*, *delusive*; (*ue*) sink the *u* in the following words: *clue*, *due*, *blue*, *glue*, *hue*, *rue*, *true*, *ensue*, *imbue*, *pursue*, *subdue*, *argue*, *residue*, *avenue*, *continue*, *virtue*; (*ui*) sink the *i*, *bruise*, *pursuit*, *fruit*, &c.

2nd.—The short simple *u*, as in the French *eu*,

neuf, veuf; German *topf, kopt, stock*; English words cup, tub, but, shut, gush, rush, sun, lungs, gun, grudge; (*ou*) cousin, couple, trouble, &c.

3rd.—The middle or obtuse *u*, as in the French *ou, boule, foule, poule*; German *null, fund, buld*; English words bull, full, pull, bullet, pulley, bush, bushel, puss, butcher, cushion, pudding, sugar. The diphthongs *oi*—the broad long *a* and the short *i*, as in French *oi, cycloïde, heroïque*; German *leute, beute, neu, treu*; English words oil, embroil, toil, soil, point, anoint, rejoice, void, noise, moist, voice, coin, &c.; *ou*—the long broad *o* and the middle obtuse *u*, as in French *aou* in *aout*; in German *august, bau, raub, aus*; English words ground, loud, bough, about, cloud, couch, doubt, foul, grouse, lounge, south, out, thousand.

As there are many words corresponding in *sound* with one vowel, yet spelt with another, we will retrace our steps, in order that the student may not mistake their pronunciation.

The diphthong *ei* frequently take the sound of the first *a* in this chapter, as *weigh* is sounded exactly as if written *way*; also in the following: *weight, eight, deign, vein, reign, feint, veil, heinous, heir, heiress, inveigh, neigh, skein, reins, their, freight, neighbour; (ey) survey, they, whey; (er) there, era; (ea) tear, bear, swear.*

The letter *i* is sometimes pronounced like the second *e*, as in the words *divine, civility, shire, antique, sensible, possible, attribute, vicissitude, digest: uy* is

sounded like the first *i*, as buy, guy; indeed the letter *y* generally takes the sound of this letter, as in why, cry, deny, descry, sty, try, wry, thy, rye, satisfy, eye, putrify, crucify, edify, sky, thyme, rhyme, cyder, hydrography, hyde, tyrant, asylum, Cyrus, &c.

The triphthong *eau* is generally sounded like the long open *o*, as beau, bureau, flambeau, portmanteau; also the *ew* in shew, sew, sewer, &c. The words love, dove, glove, shove, above, are sounded as if written with the short simple *u*, instead of *o*; and move and prove, as if written with the middle or obtuse *u* instead of *o*, and the *oe* in shoe, sounds the same as the *o* in prove; adieu, lieu, purlieu, have the sound of long *u*; the word view sounds like *ee* combined with long *u*, also few, new, yew.

As the foreigner always pronounces certain letters quite incorrectly, it may be supposed greater difficulty lies in their sounds than the rest; the next chapter will, therefore, render them more simple to him. The first mistake occurs in those words where *ch* stand together.

When a Frenchman, in particular, pronounces church, he robs the *c* of its sharp sound, and renders it as if beginning with an *s*, thus *shursh*; the same in archbishop, as though it were written *arshbishop*. To remedy this defect it would be advisable for him, and all others committing the same mistake, to select all words beginning with *ch*, such as chaff, chain, chair, chalk, challenge, chamber, champion, chance, change, chancellor, channel, chant, chap, chapel, chaplain, chapter, charcoal, chariot, charity, Charles, charm,

chase, cheap, cheat, cheek, cheerful, cheese, cherry, chief, child, chin, &c.; for the rest consult a pronouncing dictionary, as many have not this sharp sound of the *c*, for instance, chasm, chaos, &c., are pronounced as if written *kasm*, *kaos*.

The letter *j* is not pronounced by foreigners with the sharp sound it bears; for instance, John is sounded by them as if written *schon*. *J* is pronounced exactly like soft *g*, and is perfectly uniform in its sound, except in the word hallelujah, where it is pronounced like *y*. Exercise in the following words, jack, jacobin, jail, jam, January, japan, jar, jaw, jealous, Jehovah, jeopardy, Jersey, jessamine, jest, jewel, Jew, jockey, joan, joke, jot, journal, Jordan, joy, John, jubilee, jury, just, &c.

When the letter *d* occurs at the end of a word, the foreigner always sounds it like *t*; thus *and*, will be sounded like *ant*. This should be avoided, and great care must be taken so as to rightly pronounce all words in which *d* is found, as it takes different shades in sound; for instance, the words stuffed, tripped, cracked, passed, vouched, faced, where the *e* is suppressed, the *d* becomes sharp, and is sounded like *t*, but in the following words the *d* preserves its true flat sound, bad, dead, head, lead, plead, bread, dread, spread, had, lad, clad, mad, load, road, toad, sad, bed, wounded, deed, weed, fed, aged, shed, led, fled, red, dusted, depraved, said, void, field, child, fold, gold, hand, land, commend, stand, mend, board, round, ground, wood, &c.

The *u* in but, is the short simple *u* (see the Chapter

on Vowels), but many sound it as if written *boot*; the following words have the *u* sounded short: but, cut, lut, shut, glut, shut, smut, nut, rut, strut, dun, fun, gun, pun, spun, run, sun, stun, gum, cranium, museum, opium, millennium, medium, plum, rum, drum, sum, pomatum, swum, alum, &c.

Another great blunder is heard in the pronunciation of the article *the*; this word is either sounded like *de* or *se*, and sometimes like *dee* or *see*. Many foreigners may experience great difficulty at first in overcoming the sound of *th* in our language, yet let him once get his tongue properly set in exercising the following words, and he will find how easy they become. The sound of *th* is obtained by placing the tongue between the front teeth, and drawing it inwards with a long breath. They are sharp at the beginning of words, as in thank, think, &c.; and also at the end of such words as death, breath, &c., except in beneath, booth, with, and the verbs to wreath, to loath, to uncloath, to seeth, to smooth, to sooth, to mouth, all of which ought to be written with the *e* final, not only to distinguish some of them from the nouns, but to show that *th* is soft, as *the* at the end of words is never pronounced hard. *Th* between two vowels is generally soft in words purely English, as father, feather, heathen, hither, thither, whither, whether, either, neither, weather, wither, gather, together, mother. *Th* between two vowels, particularly in words from the learned languages, is generally hard, as apathy, sympathy, antipathy, Athens, atheist, another, &c.

The *w* is another stumbling-block in the way of the foreigner when learning English, and *always* we hear it sounded like *v*. It has been remarked that the sound of *w* can never be properly gained by a stranger, but this is a very foolish idea, and a very unjust stigma cast upon our language. Many have applied themselves earnestly, and have triumphed in a few hours; and many will, it is to be hoped, not believe either their imaginings or the remarks of others to be *facts*. The French word for yes, gives exactly the sound of our personal pronoun *we*; and it is easy to pronounce the words beginning with *wh*, if we disentangle the sounds: for instance, the word why, as it has been stated before, is pronounced as if written *hoo-y*; and with every other word beginning with *w*, the student must endeavour to sound the *hoo*, which is the first shade in the sound of *w*.

The following little exercise will give him an opportunity of strengthening himself in the sounds of *th* and the *w*.

WANDERINGS AND WINDINGS THROUGH WORDS AND THINGS.

Walter and I were walking one Wednesday through the intricate thoroughfares, on our way to Wellington Street North, in which the Lyceum theatre is situated. When we were within view of Waterloo Bridge, we

met with worthy John Bull in the person of William Watkins, the wine-merchant. Notwithstanding our weariness with walking, we were persuaded by him to try our strength yet further, as he thought we were not sufficiently acquainted with the wide and lengthened walks towards the west of London, wherein we might see thronging with threepenny *diligencés*, waggons, water-carts, washerwomen, wheelbarrows, theologians, thieves, swindlers, spendthrifts, theorists, the thick-skulled and the wise of the earth, all having thrusts, and each thwarting his brother. Our thoughtful friend went with us to visit Westminster Abbey, where we wondered at the wise workmanship there wrought, even in the dark ages—and which has outlived the power of many that were reared afterwards. From thence we wended our way over to the Houses of Parliament, which are so wonderfully ornamented; especially were we pleased with the well-executed carving in wood, which is worth seeing, over the western threshold. We were gazing at the windows, when Walter said he thought that the English must be both a wise and wealthy nation, as their workmanship bore witness to their wittiness and unthriftiness in design. As a thunderstorm was threatening to give our persons a wetting, we thought it prudent (as we were living three miles from Whitehall), to return thitherward with all speed.

Whenever the foreigner feels himself still unable to read through the above exercise correctly, let him remember *that* to be a sign he has not yet practised in

it enough. It needs scarcely a remark here to make him understand how much the mispronunciation of these letters is *derogatory* to his *position* in society—and to the true *expression* of his ideas.

There is a peculiarity of accentuation in certain words of two syllables, which being both nouns and verbs, it will be proper to mention, in order that the pupil may not err in their pronunciation. The nouns, it must be remembered, have the accent on the first syllable, and the verbs have it on the last. The words which admit of this variety of accent are the following :—

NOUNS.	VERBS.	NOUNS.	VERBS.
Ab'ject, to abject'.		Ab'sent, to absen't.	
Ab'stract, to abstrac't.		Ac'cent, to accen't.	
Af'fix, to affix'.		As'sign, to assign'.	
Aug'ment, to augmen't.		Bom'bard, to bomba'rd.	
Cem'ent, to cemen't.		Col'league, to collea'gue.	
Col'lect, to collec't.		Com'pact, to compac't.	
Com'pound, to compoun'd.		Com'press, to compres's.	
Con'cert, to concer't.		Con'crete, to concre'te.	
Con'duct, to conduc't.		Con'fine, to confi'ne.	
Con'flict, to conflic't.		Con'serve, to conser've.	
Con'sort, to conso'rt.		Con'test, to contes't.	
Con'tract, to contrac't.		Con'trast, to contras't.	
Con'vent, to conven't.		Con'verse, to conver'se.	
Con'vert, to conver't.		Con'vict, to convict'.	
Con'voy, to convo'y.		Des'ert, to deser't.	
Dis'count, to discoun't.		Des'cant, to descant'.	
Di'gest, to diges't.		Es'say, to essa'y.	

NOUNS.	VERBS.	NOUNS.	VERBS.
Ex'port, to export.		Ex'tract, to extrac't.	
Ex'ile, to exi'le.		Fer'ment, to ferment.	
Fre'quent, to frequen't.		Im'port, to impor't.	
In'cense, to incen'se.		In'sult, to insult.	
Ob'ject, to objec't.		Per'fume, to perfu'me.	
Per'mit, to permit'.		Pre'fix, to prefix'.	
Prem'ise, to premi'se.		Pres'age, to presa'ge.	
Pres'ent, to presen't.		Prod'uce, to produ'ce.	
Proj'ect, to projec't.		Prot'est, to protes't.	
Reb'el, to rebel'.		Rec'ord, to reco'rd.	
Ref'use, to refu'se.		Sub'ject, to subject.	
Sur'vey, to surve'y.		To'rment, to tormen't.	
Tra'ject, to trajec't.		Tran'sfer, to transfer'.	
Tran'sport, to transpo'rt.		Att'ribute, to attrib'ute.	

MISCELLANEOUS LESSONS.

The following exercises are given for the purpose of instructing English people in accentuation, as well as Foreigners. Supposing the words of the English language were pronounced very slowly, as children sometimes do in their primary lessons, no accent is at times audible, in fact it naturally appears to want no accent at all; as for instance, if we were to pronounce the word *instrumental*, disconnecting its syllables thus, *in-stru-men-tal*—sounding each in the same tone of voice, and very slowly—no accent would be found

necessary. A child in reading generally lays great stress upon each syllable, pressing them out, as it were, with the force of ignorance ; one letter consequently is almost as audible as another. But, according to our notions and propriety, the words should always be spoken with a due regard to time and audibility, attended by a smoothness in style, flowing and agreeable to the ear. Such being the case, the words receiving their just rapidity in utterance, it naturally follows one letter must be more distinctly heard than the rest, thus affording a greater degree of ease to the speaker, and also suiting the physical notion which always, more or less, accompanies delivery. The pupil must be reminded that after sounding the letter distinctly upon which the accent is placed, he must be careful to allow the remaining syllable or syllables to slide off, as it were, with less audibility, or there may be a danger of his overdoing it. Reading should be always devoid of pantomimic action, and conversation especially conducted with simplicity of style and freedom of thought, very far removed from that pompous sound, and superfluous formality, which too often cast a withering power over our hearts and affections. Before closing these remarks, we would endeavour to instil into the minds of those who cast correspondence to the winds—because letter-writing has become their most difficult task—that this misfortune, happily for many, is not irremediable. There is no need for puzzling the poor brain in order to conjure up the shades of long and distinguished phrases.



In all communications, addressed either to prince or peasant, simplicity and originality of style should ever be the main features. Let a young person, when experiencing an irritability of nerve, and an inability to *commence* a letter, (which is always the most distressing part of the performance), think for one moment her or himself to be in the presence of the person they wish to address,—let them imagine the absence of reserve, and the cheering influence of sympathy, and so allow the letter to convey such sentiments as they would feel gratified to express. The more *naturally* an epistle is worded the more agreeable will the perusal be. And as we would shield our speech from the improprieties of pronunciation and grammar, so should we also guard the offspring of our pen from imperfect orthography and obscurity of meaning.

THE GRATEFUL NEGRO.

In the i'sland of Jamai'ca there liv'ed two plan'ters, whose meth'ods of man'aging their sla'ves were as different as pos'sible. Mr. Jeff'eries consid'ered the Ne'groes as an infe'rior spe'cies, inca'pable of grat'itude, dispo'sed to treach'ery, and to be rou'sed from their nat'ural indolence o'nly by fo'rce: he treat'ed his sla'ves, or ra'ther suffered his o'verseer to treat them, with the grea'test sever'ity.

Jeff'eries was not a man of a cru'el, but of a thought-

less and extravagant temper. He was of such a sanguine disposition, that he always calculated upon having a fine season, and fine crops on his plantation, and never had the prudence to make allowance for unfortunate accidents: he required, as he said, from his overseer, produce and not excuses.

Durant, the overseer, did not scruple to use the most cruel and barbarous methods of forcing the slaves to exertion beyond their strength. Complaints of his brutality, from time to time, reached his master's ears; but, though Mr. Jefferies was moved to momentary compassion, he shut his heart against conviction; he hurried away to the jovial banquet, and drowned all painful reflections in wine.

He was this year much in debt; and therefore being more than usually anxious about his crop, he pressed his overseer to exert himself to the utmost.

The wretched slaves, upon his plantation, thought themselves more unfortunate, when they compared their condition with that of the negroes on the estate of Mr. Edwards. This gentleman treated his slaves with all possible humanity and kindness. He wished that there was no such thing as slavery in the world; but he was convinced by the arguments of those who have the best means of obtaining information, that the sudden emancipation of the negroes would rather increase than diminish their miseries. His benevolence therefore confined itself within the bounds of reason.

He adopted those plans for the melioration of the state of the slaves, which appeared to him the most

likely to succeed, without producing any violent agitation or revolution. For instance, his negroes had reasonable and fixed daily tasks; and, when these were finished, they were permitted to employ their time for their amusement or advantage. If they chose to employ themselves longer for their master, they were paid regular wages for their extra work. This reward, for as such it was considered, operated most powerfully upon the slaves. Those who were animated by hope could perform what would seem impossibilities to those who were under the depressing influence of fear. The wages which Mr. Edwards promised, he took care to see punctually paid.

He had an excellent overseer, of the name of Abraham Bayly, a man of a mild but steady temper, who was attached not only to his master's interests, but to his virtues, and who therefore was more intent upon seconding his humane views, than upon squeezing from the labour of the negroes the utmost produce. Each negro had, near his cottage, a portion of land, called his provision-ground; and one day in the week was allowed for its cultivation.

It is common in Jamaica for the slaves to have provision-grounds, which they cultivate for their own advantage; but it too often happens that, when a good negro has successively improved his little spot of land, when he has built himself a house, and begins to enjoy the fruits of his industry, his acquired property is seized upon by the sheriff's officer for the payment of his master's debt: he is forcibly separated

from his wife and chil'dren, drag'ged to public auc'tion, pur'chased by a stra'nger, and perhap's sent to ter'minate his mis'erable exis'tence in the mi'nes of Mexico, exclu'ded for ev'er from the light of heav'en; and all this without an'y cri'me or impru'dence on his part, re'al or preten'ded. He is pun'ished becau'se his ma'ster is unfort'unate.

To this ba'rbarous injus'tice the ne'groes on Mr. Ed'wards's planta'tion were nev'er expo'sed. He nev'er excee'ded his in'come; he enga'ged in no wild specu'lations; he contrac'ted no debts; and his sla'ves, the'refore, were in no da'nger of be'ing se'ized by a sher'iff's of'ficer: their prop'erty was secu'ed to them by the pru'dence, as well as by the generos'ity, of their ma'ster.

One mo'rning, as Mr. Ed'wards was wa'lking in that part of his planta'tion which jo'ined to Mr. Jeff'eries's esta'te, he thought he heard the voice of distres's, at some dist'ance. The lamentation grew lou'der as he appro'ached a cot'tage, which stood upon' the borders of Jeff'eries's planta'tion.

This cot'tage belong'ed to a sla've of the name of Cæ'sar, the best ne'gro in Mr. Jeff'eries's possession. Such had been his in'dustry and exer'tion, that, notwithstanding the seve're tasks impo'sed by Dur'ant, the o'verseer, Cæ'sar found me'ans to cul'tivate his provision-ground to a degre'e of perfec'tion no where else to be seen on this esta'te. Mr. Ed'wards had of'ten adm'ired this poor fellow's indus'try; and now ha'stened to inqu'ire what misfor'tune had befa'llen him.

When he came to the cot'tage he found Cæsar stand'ing with his arms fol'ded, and his eyes upon' the ground. A young and beau'tiful fe'male ne'gro was wee'ping bit'terly, as she knelt at the feet of Dur'ant, the o'ver-seer, who, rega'rding her with a sullen as'pect, re-pe'ated, "He must go. I tell you, wom'an, he must go. What sig'nifies all this nonsense?"

At the sight of Mr. Ed'wards the o'verseer's cou'ntenance sud'denly cha'nged, and assumed an air of ob'se-quiuous civil'ity. The poor wom'an reti'ed to the fur'ther co'rner of the cot'tage, and contin'ued to weep. Cæsar nev'er mo'ved. "Noth'ing is the mat'ter, Sir," said Dur'ant, "but that Caesar is go'ing to be so'ld. That is what the wom'an is cry'ing for. They we're to be married; but we'll find Cla'r'a ano'ther hus'band, I tell her; and she'll get the bet'ter of her grief, you know, Sir, as I tell her, in time."

"Nev'er! nev'er!" said Clara.

"To whom is Cæsar go'ing to be sold; and for what sum?"

"For what can be got for him," replie'd Dur'ant, laughing; "and to whoev'er will buy him. The sher'iff's of'ficer is here, who has se'ized him for debt, and must make the most of him at mar'ket."

"Poor fellow!" said Mr. Ed'wards: "and must he leave this cot'tage which he has buil't, and these bananas which he has plan'ted?"

Cæsar now, for the first time, looked up, and fix'ing his eyes upon' Mr. Ed'wards for a mo'ment, advan'ced with an intrep'id rather than an implo'ring count'enance,

and said, "Will you be my ma'ster? Will you be her ma'ster? Buy both of us. You shall not repent of it. Cæsar will serve you faith'fully."

Mr. Ed'wards was mo'ved by his entreat'ies, but he left them without decla'ring his inten'tion. He went imme'diately to Mr. Jef'feries, whom he found stret'ched on a so'fa, drink'ing coffee. As soon as Mr. Ed'wards men'tioned the occa'sion of his vis'it, and express'ed his sor'row for Cæsar, Jef'feries exclai'med, "Yes, poor devil! I pit'y him from the bot'tom of my soul. But what can I do? I leave all those things to Dur'ant. He says the sher'iff's of'ficer has se'ized him, and there's an end of the mat'ter. You know mon'ey must be had. Besi'des Cæsar is not wors'e off than any o'ther sla've sold for that. What sig'nifies ta'lking about' the mat'ter, as if it were som'ething that never hap'pened befo're! Is it not a case that occur's ev'ery day in Jama'ica?"

"So much the wors'e," replie'd Mr. Ed'wards.

"The wors'e for them, to be sure," said Jef'feries. "But, af'ter all, they are slaves, and used to be tre'ated as such; and they tell me the ne'groes are a thousand times hap'pier here with us, than they ev'er were in their own count'ry."

"Did the ne'groes tell you so themsel'ves?"

"No; but pe'ople bet'ter infor'med than ne'groes have told me so; and, after all, slaves there must be; for in'digo, and rum and sug'ar, we must have."

"Grant'ing it to be phys'ically imposs'ible that the world should exis't withou't rum, sugar, and in'digo,

why could they not be produced by free'men, as well as by sla'ves? If we hi'ed ne'groes for la'bourers, instead of purch'asing them for sla'ves, do you think they would not work as well as they do now? Does an'y ne'gro, un'der the fear of the o'verseer, work ha'rder than a Bir'mingham jour'neyman, or a New-castle collier,—who toil for themselves and their fam'ilies?"

"Of that I do'n't preten'd to judge. All I know is that the West-In'dia plan'ters would be ru'ined if they had no sla'ves; and I am a West-In'dia plan'ter."

"So am I; yet I do not think they are the o'ny pe'ople whose in'terest ought to be consid'ered in this bus'iness."

"Their in'terests luck'ily are protec'ted by the laws of the land; and, though they are rich men, and white men, and free'men, they have as good a claim to their rights as the poo'rest black slave on any of our plan-ta'tions."

"For'tunately for us plan'ters, we need not enter into such nice distinc'tions. You could not, if you would, abo'lish the trade. Slaves would be smug'gled in'to the is'lands."

"What, if no'bod'y would buy them! You know that you cannot smug'gle slaves into Eng'land. The in'stant a slave touch'es Eng'lish ground, he becom'es free. Glo'rious priv'ilege! Why should it not be exten'ded to all her domin'ions? If the fu'ture importa'tion of sla'ves into the'se is'lands we're forbid'den by law, the trade must cease. No man can ei'ther sell or possess'

slaves, without' its be'ing known ; they can'not be smugg'led like lace or bran'dy."

" Well, well!" retor'ted Jeff'eries, a lit'tle impa'tiently, "as yet, the law is on our side. I can do nothing in this bus'iness, nor you ne'ither."

" Yes, we can do som'ething ; we can endeav'our to make our ne'groes as hap'py as poss'ible."

" I leave the man'agement of these pe'ople to Durant."

" That is the ver'y thing of which they complain. Forgive me for spea'king to you with the frank'ness of an old acquai'tance."

" Oh ! you can't obli'ge me more ! I love frank'ness of all things ! To tell you the truth, I have heard compla'ints of Durant's severity ; but I make it a prin'ciple to turn a deaf ear to them, for I know noth'ing can be done with these fell'ows without it. You are pa'rtial to ne'groes ; but even you must allow they are a race of be'ings nat'urally infe'rior to us. You may in vain think of man'aging a black as you would a white. Do what you please for a ne'gro, he will cheat you the first opportu'nity he finds. You know what their max'im is : ' God gives black men what white men forget.' "

To these com'mon-place des'ultory observa'tions, Mr. Ed'wards made no reply ; but recurr'ed to poo'r Cæ'sar, and off'ered to pur'chase both him and Cla'ra, at the high'est price the sher'iff's of'icer could obta'in for them at market.

Mr. Jeff'eries, with the ut'most poli'teness to his

neigh'bour, but with the most perfect indifference to the hap'piness of those whom he consid'ered of a different spe'cies from himself, acce'ded to this propo'sal. "Noth'ing could be more re'asonable," he said; "and he was hap'py to have it in his pow'er to obli'ge a gentleman, for whom he had such a high esteem."

The bargain was quick'ly conclu'ded with the she-riff's officer; for Mr. Ed'wards will'ingly paid several doll'ars more than the mar'ket price for the two sla'ves. When Cæsar and Clara hear'd that they were not to be separ'ated, their joy and grat'itude were express'ed with all the a'rdour and ten'derness pecu'liar to their different char'acters. Clara was an Ebo'e, Cæsar a Koroman'tyn ne'gro. The Eboes are sof't, lang'uishing, and tim'id. The Koroman'tyns are frank, fear'less, martial, and hero'ic.

Mr. Ed'wards carried his new sla'ves home with him, desi'ed Ba'yly, his o'verseer, to mark out a provis'ion-ground for Cæ'sar, and to give him a cottage which hap'pened at this time to be va'cant.

"Now, my good friend," said he to Cæsar, "you may work for yourself, without fear that what you earn may be taken from you, or that you should ever be sold, to pay your ma'ster's debts. If he does not understan'd what I am saying," continued Mr. Ed'wards, turning to his o'verseer, "you will expla'in it to him."

Cæsar perfectly understood' all that Mr. Ed'wards said; but his feel'ings were at this in'stant so strong

that he could not find express'ion for his grat'itude : He stood' like one stu'pefied ! Kin'dness was new to him ; it overpow'ered his man'ly heart ; and, at he'aring the words, " my good friend," the tears gush'ed from his eyes ; tears which no tor'ture could have extor'ted ! Grat'itude swell'ed in his bo'som, and he longed to be alo'ne, that he might free'ly yield to his emo'tions.

He was glad when the con'ch-shell sou'nded, to call the ne'groes to their da'ily 'la'bour, that he might relie've the sensa'tions of his soul by bod'ily exer'tion. He perfo'rmed his task in si'lence, and an inatten'tive obser'ver might have thought him sull'en.

In fact, he was impa'tient for the day to be o'ver, that he might get rid of a heav'y load which weighed upon' his mind.

The cru'elties practised by Dur'ant, the o'verseer of Jeff'eries's planta'tion, had exas'perated the slaves under his domin'ion.

They were all le'agued togeth'er in a conspir'acy, which was kept profoun'dly se'cret. Their object was to ex'tirpate ev'ery white man, wom'an, and child in the i'sland. Their plans were laid with consum'mate art ; and the ne'groes were ur'ged to ex'ecute them by all the cour'age of despair.

The confed'eracy exten'ded to all the ne'groes in the i'sland of Jama'ica, excepting those on the planta'tion of Mr. Edwards. To them no hint of the dread'ful se'cret had yet been giv'en ; their coun'trymen, know-ing the attach'ment they felt to their ma'ster, da'ed not trust them with these projects of ven'geance. Hec'tor,

the negro who was at the head of the conspirators, was the particular friend of Cæsar, and had imparted to him all his designs. These friends were bound to each other by the strongest ties. Their slavery and their sufferings began in the same hour: they were both brought from their own country in the same ship. This circumstance alone forms, amongst the negroes, a bond of connexion not easily to be dissolved. But the friendship of Cæsar and Hector commenced even before they were united by the sympathy of misfortune; they were both of the same nation, both Koromantyns. In Africa, they had both been accustomed to command; for they had signalized themselves by superior fortitude and courage. They respected each other for excelling in all which they had been taught to consider as virtuous: and with them revenge was virtue!

Revenge was the ruling passion of Hector: in Cæsar's mind, it was rather a principle instilled by education. The one considered it as a duty, the other felt it as a pleasure. Hector's sense of injury was acute in the extreme; he knew not how to forgive. Cæsar's sensibility was yet more alive to kindness than to insult. Hector would sacrifice his life to extirpate an enemy. Cæsar would devote himself for the defence of a friend: and Cæsar now considered a white man as his friend.

He was now placed in a painful situation. All his former friendships, all the solemn promises, by which he was bound to his companions in misfortune,

forbade him to indulge that delightful feeling of gratitude and affection, which, for the first time, he experienced for one of that race of beings whom he had hitherto considered as detestable tyrants, objects of implacable and just revenge.

Cæsar was most impatient to have an interview with Hector, that he might communicate his new sentiments, and dissuade him from those schemes of destruction which he meditated. At midnight, when all the slaves except himself were asleep, he left his cottage, and went to Jeff'ries's plantation, to the hut in which Hector slept. Even in his dreams, Hector breathed vengeance. "Spare none! Sons of Africa, spare none!" were the words he uttered in his sleep, as Cæsar approached the mat on which he lay. The moon shone full upon him. Cæsar contemplated the countenance of his friend, fierce even in sleep.

"Spare none! Oh, yes! There is one that must be spared. There is one for whose sake all must be spared!"

He awakened Hector by this exclamation: "Of what were you dreaming?" said Cæsar.

"Of that which, sleeping or waking, fills my soul! Revenge! why did you waken me from my dream? It was delightful! The whites were weltering in their blood! But, silence! we may be overheard!"

"No; every one sleeps, but ourselves," replied Cæsar. "I could not sleep—without speaking to you on a subject that weighs upon my mind. You have seen Mr. Edwards!"

"Yes. He that is now your ma'ster."

"He that is now my benefactor! My friend!"

"Friend! Can you call a white man friend?" cried Hec'tor, starting up with a look of astonishment and indignation.

"Yes;" replied Cæsar, with firmness. "And you would speak, aye, and would feel, as I do, Hec'tor, if you knew this white man! Oh! how unlike he is to all of his race, that we have ever seen! Do not turn from me with so much disdain! Hear me with patience, my friend!"

"I cannot," replied Hec'tor, "listen with patience to one who, between the rising and the setting sun, can forget all his resolutions, all his promises; who, by a few soft words, can be so wrought upon as to forget all the insults, all the injuries he has received from this accursed race; and can even call a white man friend!"

Cæsar, unmoved by Hec'tor's anger, continued to speak of Mr. Edwards with the warmest expressions of gratitude, and finished by declaring he would sooner forfeit his life than rebel against such a master. He conjured Hec'tor to desist from executing his design; but all was in vain. Hec'tor sat with his elbows fixed upon his knees, leaning his head upon his hands, in gloomy silence. Cæsar's mind was divided between love for his friend and gratitude to his master: the conflict was violent and painful. Gratitude at last prevailed: he repeated his declaration, that he would rather die than continue in a conspiracy against his benefactor!

Hec'tor refused to except him from the general doom, "Betray us if you will!" cried he. "Betray our secrets to him whom you call your benefactor: to him whom a few hours have made your friend! To him sacrifice the friend of your youth, the companion of your better days, of your better self! Yes, Cæsar, deliver me o'er to the tormentors: I can endure more than they can inflict. I shall expire without a sigh, without a groan. Why do you linger here, Cæsar? Why do you hesitate? Hasten this moment to your master; claim your reward for delivering into his power hundreds of your countrymen! Why do you hesitate? Away! The coward's friendship can be of use to none. Who can value his gratitude? Who can fear his revenge?"

Hec'tor raised his voice so high, as he pronounced these words, that he awakened Dur'ant, the overseer, who sleep in the next house. They heard him call out suddenly, to inquire who was there; and Cæsar had but just time to make his escape, before Dur'ant appeared. He searched Hec'tor's cottage; but finding no one, again retired to rest. This man's tyranny made him constantly suspicious: he dreaded that the slaves should combine against him: and he endeavoured to prevent them, by every threat and every stratagem he could devise, from conversing with each other. They had, however, taken their measures, hitherto, so secretly, that he had not the slightest idea of the conspiracy which was forming in the island. Their schemes were not yet ripe for execution; but the appointed time approached. Hec'tor,

when he coolly reflected on what had passed between him and Cæsar, could not help admiring the frankness and courage with which he had avowed his change of sentiments. By this avowal, Cæsar had in fact exposed his own life to the most imminent danger from the vengeance of the conspirators, who might be tempted to assassinate him who had their lives in his power. Notwithstanding the contempt with which, in the first moment of passion, he had treated his friend, he was extremely anxious that he should not break off all connexion with the conspirators. He knew that Cæsar possessed both intrepidity and eloquence, and that his opposition to their schemes would perhaps entirely frustrate their whole design. He therefore determined to use every possible means to bend him to their purpose.

He resolved to have recourse to one of those persons who, amongst the negroes, are considered as sorceresses. Esther, an old Koromantyn negress, had obtained by her skill in poisonous herbs, and her knowledge of venomous reptiles, a high reputation among her countrymen. She soon taught them to believe her to be possessed of supernatural powers; and she then worked their imagination to what pitch and purpose she pleased.

She was the chief instigator of this intended rebellion. It was she who had stimulated the revengeful temper of Hector almost to frenzy. She now promised him that her arts should be exerted over his friend; and it was not long before he felt their influ-

ence. Cæsar soon perceived an extraordinary change in the countenance and manner of his beloved Clara. A melancholy hung over her, and she refused to impart to him the cause of her dejection. Cæsar was indefatigable in his exertion to cultivate and embellish the ground near his cottage, in hopes of making it an agreeable habitation for her; but she seemed to take no interest in any thing. She would stand beside him immovable, in a deep reverie; and, when he inquired whether she was ill, she would answer no, and endeavour to assume an air of gaiety: but this cheerfulness was transient; she soon relapsed into despondency. At length, she endeavoured to avoid her lover, as if she feared his farther inquiries.

Unable to endure this state of suspense, he one evening resolved to bring her to an explanation. "Clara," said he, "you once loved me: I have done nothing, have I, to forfeit your confidence?"—"I once loved you!" said she, raising her languid eyes, and looking at him with reproachful tenderness; "and can you doubt my constancy? Oh, Cæsar you little know what is passing in my heart! You are the cause of my melancholy!"

She paused and hesitated, as if afraid that she had said too much; but Cæsar urged her with so much vehemence and so much tenderness, to open to him her whole soul, that at last, she could not resist his eloquence. She reluctantly revealed to him that secret of which she could not think without horror. She informed him that, unless he complied with what was

required of him by the sorceress Es'ther, he was devoted to die. What it was that Es'ther required of him, Cla'ra knew not: she knew nothing of the conspiracy. The timidity of her character was ill suited to such a project; and every thing relating to it had been concealed from her with the utmost care.

When she explained to Cæsar the cause of her dejection, his natural courage resisted these superstitious fears, and he endeavoured to raise Cla'ra's spirits. He endeavoured in vain: she fell at his feet, and with tears, and the most tender supplications, conjured him to avert the wrath of the sorceress by obeying her commands whatever they might be!

"Cla'ra," replied he, "you know not what you ask!"

"I ask you to save your life!" said she. "I ask you, for my sake, to save your life, while it is yet in your power."

"But would you, to save my life, Cla'ra, make me the worst of criminals? Would you make me the murderer of my benefactor?"

Cla'ra started with horror!

"Do you recollect the day, the moment, when we were on the point of being separated for ever, Cla'ra? Do you remember the white man's coming to my cottage? Do you remember his look of benevolence? his voice of compassion? Do you remember his generosity? Oh! Cla'ra, would you make me the murderer of this man?"

"Heaven forbid!" said Cla'ra. "This cannot be the will of the sorceress!"

"It is I!" said Cæsar. "But she shall not succeed, even though she speaks with the voice of Cla'ra. Urge me no farther; my resolution is fixed. I should be unworthy of your love, if I were capable of treachery and ingratitude."

"But, is there no means of averting the wrath of Es'ther?" said Cla'ra. "Your life—"

"Think, first, of my honour," interrupted Cæsar. "Your fears deprive you of reason. Return to this sorceress, and tell her I dread not her wrath. My hands shall never be imbrued in the blood of my benefactor. Cla'ra! Can you forget his look, when he told us that we should never more be separated?"

"It went to my heart," said Cla'ra, bursting into tears. "Cruel, cruel Es'ther! Why do you command us to destroy such a generous master?"

The conch sounded to summon the negroes to their morning's work. It happened this day that Mr. Edwards, who was continually intent upon increasing the comforts of his slaves, sent his carpenter, while Cæsar was absent, to fit up the inside of his cottage; and, when Cæsar returned from work, he found his master pruning the branches of a tamarind tree, that overhung the thatch. "How comes it, Cæsar," said he, "that you have not pruned these branches?"

Cæsar had no knife. "Here is mine for you," said Mr. Edwards, smiling. "It is very sharp, but I am not one of those masters who are afraid to trust their negroes with sharp knives."

These words were spoken with perfect simplicity :

Mr. Ed'wards had no suspic'ion, at this time, of what was pass'ing in the ne'gro's mind. Cæsar received the knife without utt'ering a syll'able; but no sooner was Mr. Ed'wards out of sight, than he knelt down, and, in a trans'port of grat'itude, swore that, with this knife, he would stab himself to the heart, sooner than betra'y his ma'ster!

The prin'ciple of grat'itude conqu'ered ev'ery oth'er sensa'tion. The mind of Cæsar was not insen'sible to the charms of free'dom: he knew the ne'gro conspir'ators had so taken their meas'ures that there was the grea'test probability of their success'. His heart beat high at the ide'a of recover'ing his lib'erty; but he was not to be sedu'ced from his duty, not even by this delight'ful hope: nor was he to be intimid'ated by the dread'ful certain'ty that his former friends and coun'trymen, consid'ering him as a deser'ter from their cause, would becom'e his bitt'erest en'emies. The loss of Hec'tor's este'e'm and affec'tion was dee'ply felt by Cæsar. Since the night that the deci'sive conversa'tion, rel'ative to Mr. Ed'wards, passed, Hec'tor and he had nev'er excha'nged a syll'able.

This vis'it pro'ved the cause of much suff'ering to Hec'tor, and to sev'eral of the slaves on Jeff'eries's planta'tion. We men'tioned that Dur'ant had been awa'kened by the raised voice of Hec'tor. Though he could not find any one in the cott'age, yet his suspi'cions were not diss'ipated; and an ac'cident ne'arly brought the whole conspir'acy to light. Dur'ant had ordered one of the ne'groes to watch a boi'ler of sugar:

the slave was overcome by the heat, and fainted. He had scarcely recovered his senses when the overseer came up, and found that the sugar had fermented, by having remained a few minutes too long in the boiler. He flew into a violent passion, and ordered that the negro should receive fifty lashes.

His victim bore them without uttering a groan; but, when his punishment was over, and when he thought the overseer was gone, he exclaimed, "It will soon be our turn!"

Durant was not out of hearing. He turned suddenly, and observed that the negro looked at Hector when he pronounced these words; and this confirmed the suspicion that Hector was carrying on some conspiracy. He immediately had recourse to that brutality which he considered as the only means of governing black men: Hector and three other negroes were lashed unmercifully; but no confessions could be extorted.

Mr. Jeffries might perhaps have forbidden such violence to be used, if he had not been at the time carousing with a party of jovial West-Indians; who thought of nothing but indulging their appetites in all the luxuries that art and nature could supply. The sufferings which had been endured by many of the wretched negroes, to furnish out this magnificent entertainment, were never once thought of by these selfish epicures. Yet, so false are the general estimates of character, that all these gentlemen passed for men of great feeling and generosity! The human

mind, in certain situations, becomes so accustomed to ideas of tyranny and cruelty, that they no longer appear extraordinary or detestable; they rather seem part of the necessary and immutable order of things.

Mr. Jeff'eries was stopp'd as he pass'd from his di'ning-room into his draw'ing-room by a little ne'gro child, of about five years old, who was cry'ing bitterly. He was the son of one of the slaves, who were at this mo'ment un'der the tor'turer's hand. "Poor little dev'il!" said Jeff'eries, who was more than half intoxicated, "take him away"; and tell Dur'ant, some of ye, to pardon his fa'ther—if he can."

The child ran, eagerly, to announce his fa'ther's pardon; but he soon return'd, cry'ing more violently than befo're. Dur'ant would not hear the boy; and it was now no longer possible to appeal to Mr. Jeff'eries, for he was in the midst of an assembly of fair ladies; and no servant belong'ing to the house dared to interrupt the festivities of the evening. The three men, who were so severely flogg'd to extor't from them confessions, were perfectly in'nocent: they knew nothing of the confederacy; but the reb'els seized the mo'ment when their minds were exasperated by this cruelty and injustice, and they easily persua'ded them to join the league. The hopes of reveng'ing themselves upon the overseer was a motive sufficient to make them brave death in any shape.

Another incident, which happen'd a few days before the time destined for the revolt of the slaves, determin'd numbers who had been undecided. Mrs.

Jeff'eries was a languid beauty, and who spent all that part of the day which was not devoted to the pleasures of the table, or in reclining on a couch, in dress. She was one day extended on a sofa, fanned by four slaves, two at her head and two at her feet, when news was brought that a large chest, directed to her, had just arrived from London.

This chest contained various articles of dress, of the newest fashions. The Jamaica ladies carry their ideas of magnificence to a high pitch; they willingly give a hundred guineas for a gown, which they perhaps wear but once or twice. In the elegance and variety of her ornaments, Mrs. Jeff'eries was not exceeded by any lady in the island, except by one who had lately received a cargo from England. She now expected to outshine her competitor, and desired that the chest should be unpacked in her presence.

In taking out one of the gowns, it caught on a nail in the lid, and was torn. The lady, roused from her natural indolence by this disappointment to her vanity, instantly ordered that the unfortunate female slave should be severely chastised. The woman was the wife of Hector; and this fresh injury worked up his temper, naturally vindictive, to the highest point. He ardently longed for the moment when he might satiate his vengeance.

The plan the negroes had laid was to set fire to the canes, at one and the same time, on every plantation; and, when the white inhabitants of the island should run to put out the fire, the blacks were to seize this

mo'ment of confu'sion and consterna'tion to fall upon' them, and make a general massa'cre. The time when this sche'me was to be carried in'to execu'tion was not known to Cæsar; for the conspirators had changed their day, as soon as Hec'tor told them that his friend was no long'er one of the confed'eracy. They dread'ed he should betray' them; and it was deter'mined that he and Cla'ra should both be destroy'ed, unless' they could be prevail'ed upon to join the conspir'acy.

Hec'tor wish'ed to save his friend; but the desi're of ven'geance overca'me ev'ery oth'er feeling. He resolved, howev'er, to make an attempt, for the last time, to change Cæsar's resolution.

For this purpose Esther was the per'son he employ'ed; she was to work upon his mind by means of Cla'ra. On return'ing to her cott'age one night, she found suspen'ded from the thatch one of those fantas'tic charms, with which the In'dian sor'ceresses terrify those whom they have proscri'bed. Cla'ra, un'able to conq'uer her terr'or, repai'ed again to Es'ther, who recei'ved her first in myste'rious silence; but, af'ter she had implo'ed her forgiv'eness for the past, and with all poss'ible humil'ity conjured her to grant her fu'ture protec'tion, the sor'ceress de'igned to speak. Her comm'ands were that Cla'ra should preva'il upon' her lov'er to meet her, on this awful spot, the ensu'ing night.

Little suspec'ting what was going for'ward on the planta'tion of Jeff'eries, Mr. Ed'wards that e'vening gave his slaves a ho'liday. He and his fam'ily came

out at sun'set, when the fresh breeze had sprung up, and seated themselves un'der a spread'ing palmtree, to enjoy' the pleas'ing spect'acle of this ne'gro fest'ival. His ne'groes were all well clad; their turbans were of the ga'yest colours, and their merr'y coun'tenances suited the ga'iety of their dress. While some were danc'ing, and some pla'y'ing on the tambourin'e, oth'ers appe'ared among'st the dist'ant trees, bring'ing baskets of avocado pe'ars, gra'pes, and pi'ne-apples, the produce of their own provis'ion-ground; and oth'ers were employ'ed in spread'ing their clean trench'ers, or the calab'ashes, which ser'ved for plates and dishes. The ne'groes contin'ued to danc'e and divert' themselves till late in the e'vening. When they separ'ated and retir'ed to rest, Cæsar recollect'ing his prom'ise to Cla'ra, repa'ired se'cretly to the habita'tion of the sorceress. It was situ'ated in the recess' of a thick wood. When he arri'ved there, he found the door fas'tened, and he was oblig'ed to wait some time before it was o'pened by Es'ther.

The first object he beheld was his beloved Cla'ra, stretch'ed on the ground, appa'rently a corpse. The sorceress had thrown her into a tran'ce, by a prepara'tion of dead'ly night-shade. The hag burst into an infer'nal laugh, when she behel'd the despa'ir that was paint'ed in Cæsar's coun'tenance!—"Wretch!" cried she: "you have defied my pow'er: behol'd its vic'tim!"

Cæsar, in a trans'port of rage, seized her by the throat: but his fu'ry was soon check'ed.

"Destroy' me," said the fiend, "and you destroy' your Cla'ra. She is not dead: but she lies in the sleep of death, into which she has been thrown by mag'ic art, and from which no power but mine can resto're her to the light of life. Yes! look at her, pale and motionless! Nev'er will she rise from the earth, unless within' one hour you obey my commands. I have admin'istered to Hec'tor and his compan'ions the sol'emn fe'tish oath, at the sound of which ev'ery negro in Af'rica trembles! You know my object."

"Fiend, I do!" repli'ed Cæsar, ey'ing her stern'ly; "but, while I have life, it shall nev'er be accomp'lished."

"Look yon'der!" cried she, poin'ting to the moon, "in a few min'utes that moon will set; at that hour Hec'tor and his friends will appe'ar. They come arm'ed! armed with weap'ons which I shall steep in poi'son for their en'emies. Themsel'ves I will render invul'n'erable. Look again," continued she, "if my dim eyes mistake not, yon'der they come! Rash man, you die if they cross my thres'hold."

"I wish for death," said Cæsar, "Cla'ra is dead."

"But you can restore her to life by a sing'le word."

Cæsar at this mo'ment seemed to hesitate.

"Consid'er! your hero'ism is vain," con'tinued Es'ther. "You will have the knives of fifty of the conspir'ators in your bo'som, if you do not join them; and, after you have fall'en, the death of your ma'ster is inev'itable. Here is the bowl of poi'son, in which the negro knives are to be stee'ped. Your friends, your coun'trymen, will be in arms in a few min'utes,

and they will bear down ev'ery thing befo're them. Victory! Wealth! Free'dom! and Reven'ge! will be theirs!"

Cæsar appe'ared to be more and more ag'itated. His eyes were fixed upon Cla'ra. The con'flict in his mind was violent: but his sense of gra'titude and du'ty could not be sha'ken by hope, fear, or ambition; nor could it be vanquished by love. He deter'mined, howev'er, to appe'ar to yield. As if struck with pan'ic, at the appro'ach of the confed'erate negroes, he sudd'enly turned to the sor'ceress, and said, in a tone of feigned submission, "it is in vain to struggle with fate. Let my knife, too be dipped in your mag'ic poi'son."

The sor'ceress clapp'ed her hands, with infer'nal joy in her coun'tenance. She bade him in'stantly give her his knife, that she might plun'ge it to the hilt in the bowl of poi'son, to which she turned with sav'age impa'tience. His knife was left in his cott'age; and under preten'ce of go'ing in search' of it, he esca'ped. Es'ther prom'ised to prepa're Hec'tor, and all his compan'ions, to receive him with their a'ncient cordial'ity, on his retur'n.

Cæsar ran with the ut'most speed along a by-path out of the wood, met none of the reb'els, re'ached his ma'ster's house, sca'led the wall of his bed-cha'mber, got in at the win'dow, and wa'kened him, excla'iming, "Arm! arm yourself, my dear ma'ster! arm all your slaves! they will fight for you, and die for you; as I will the first. The Koroman'tyn yell of war will be heard in Jeff'eries's planta'tion this night! Arm! Arm

yourself, my dear ma'ster, and let us surround the rebel leaders while it is yet time. I will lead you to the place where they are all assembled, on condition that their chief, who is my friend, shall be pardoned."

Mr. Edwards armed himself and the negroes on his plantation, as well as the whites; they were all equally attached to him. He followed Cæsar into the recesses of the wood.

They proceeded with all possible rapidity, but in perfect silence, till they reached Esther's habitation; which they surrounded completely, before they were perceived by the conspirators.

Mr. Edwards looked through a hole in the wall; and, by the blue flame of a cauldron, over which the sorceress was stretching her shrivelled hands, he saw Hector and five stout negroes standing, intent upon her incantations. These negroes held their knives in their hands, ready to dip them into the bowl of poison. It was proposed by one of the whites, to set fire immediately to the hut; and thus to force the rebels to surrender. The advice was followed; but Mr. Edwards charged his people to spare their prisoners. The moment the rebels saw that the thatch of the hut was in flames, they set up the Koromantyn yell of war, and rushed out with frantic desperation.

"Yield! you are pardoned, Hector," cried Mr. Edwards, in a loud voice.

"You are pardoned, my friend!" repeated Cæsar. Hector, incapable at this instant of listening to

an'y thing but reven'ge, sprang for'wards, and plung'd his knife into the bo'som of Cæsar. The fa'ithful servant staggered back a few pa'ces; his ma'ster caught him in his arms. "I die content'," said he, "bur'y me with Cla'ra."

He swoo'med from loss of blood as they were carrying him home; but when his wound was examined it was found not to be mor'tal. As he recovered from his wound, he sta'ed wil'dly round him, trying to recollect where he was and what had happen'd. He thought that he was still in a dream, when he saw his beloved Cla'ra stand'ing besi'de him. The opiate, which the pretend'ed sor'ceress had admin'istered to her, had ce'ased to op'erate; she wa'kened from her trance just at the time the Koroman'tyn yell commen'ced. Cæsar's joy!—We must leave that to the imagination.

The ta'king of the chief conspir'ators pris'oners did not preven't the ne'groes, upon Jeff'eries's planta'tion, from continuing the insurrec'tion. The mo'ment they hear'd the war-whoop, the signal agree'd upon, they rose in a bod'y; and before they could be prevented, e'ither by the whites on the esta'te, or by Mr. Edwards's adhe'rents, they had set fire to the o'verseer's house and to the canes. The o'verseer was the princ'iple object of their ven'geance; he died in tor'tures, inflicted by the hands of those who had suffered most by his cru'elties. Mr. Edwards, howev'er, quell'd the insur'gents befo're the rebell'ion spread to any o'ther esta'tes in the i'sland. The in'fluence of his character,

and the effect of his eloquence upon the minds of the people were astonishing. Nothing but his interference could have prevented the total destruction of Mr. Jefferies and his family, who, as it was computed, lost this night upwards of fifty thousand pounds. He was never afterwards able to recover his losses, or to shake off his constant fear of a fresh insurrection among his slaves. At length, he and his lady returned to England, where they were obliged to live in obscurity and indigence. They had no consolation in their misfortune, but that of railing at the treachery of the whole race of slaves.—Our readers, we hope, will think that at least one exception may be made in favour of THE GRATEFUL NEGRO.

ON PRONUNCIATION OR DELIVERY.

How much stress was laid upon pronunciation, or delivery, by the most eloquent of all orators, Demosthenes, appears from a noted saying of his, related both by Cicero and Quintilian; when being asked, What was the first point in oratory? he answered, Delivery; and being asked, What was the second? and afterwards, What the third? he still answered, *Delivery*. There is no wonder that he should have

rated this so high, and that for improving himself in it, he should have employed those assiduous and painful labours, which all the ancients take so much notice of; for, beyond doubt, nothing is of more importance. To superficial thinkers, the management of the voice and the gesture in public speaking, may appear to relate to decoration only, and to be one of the inferior arts of catching an audience. But this is far from being the case. It is intimately connected with what is, or ought to be, the end of all public speaking—persuasion; and therefore deserves the study of the most grave and serious speakers, as much as of those whose only aim is to please. For, let it be considered, whenever we address ourselves to others by words, our intention certainly is to make some impression on those to whom we speak; it is to convey to them our own ideas and emotion. Now the tone of our voice, our looks and gestures, interpret our ideas and emotions no less than words do; nay, the impressions they make on others is frequently much stronger than any that words can make. We often see that an expressive look, or a passionate cry, unaccompanied by words, convey to others more forcible ideas, and causes within them stronger passions than can be communicated by the most eloquent discourse. The signification of our sentiments, made by tones and gestures, has this advantage above that made by words, that it is the language of nature. It is that method of interpreting our minds, which nature has dictated to all, and which

is understood' by all; whereas words are only arbitrary conventional symbols of our ideas; and, by consequence, must make a more feeble impression. So true is this, that, to render words fully significant, they must, almost in every case, receive some aid from the manner of *pronunciation and delivery*; and he who in speaking should employ bare words, without enforcing them by proper tones and accents, would leave us with a faint and indistinct impression, or with a doubtful and ambiguous conception of what he had delivered. Nay, so close is the connexion between certain sentiments and the proper manner of *pronouncing* them, that he who does not pronounce them after that manner, can never persuade us that he believes or feels the sentiments themselves.

BLAIR.

ON THE ENLARGEMENT OF OUR INTELLECTUAL POWERS.

From the right exercise of our intellectual powers arises one of the chief sources of our happiness. The light of the sun is not so pleasant to the eye as the light of knowledge to the mind. The gratifications of sense yield but a delusive charm compared with the intellectual joys of which we are susceptible. But these intellectual joys, however refined, are at present

much interrupted. However wide the extent of human knowledge, however deep the researches of human wisdom, still it must be confessed, that in this life our faculties are exceedingly limited, and our views exceedingly confined. Light to us is everywhere mixed with darkness. Wherever we cast our eyes, or turn our thoughts, we are reminded of our ignorance; are liable to perpetual mistakes; and often fall into them even in our wisest pursuits. But when the day of immortality dawns, all this shall vanish; the incumbrance of flesh and blood shall no longer grieve us, nor the thick shades of ignorance ever more surround us. The happy spirit emancipated, and having left the spoils of mortality behind it, shall be able to comprehend, fully and at once, all the truths and objects which now either come but very partially within, or entirely escape its observation. Here we are only children, but in heaven we shall arrive at the manhood of our being; and therefore we may justly infer that the strength and vigour of our intellectual powers *then* will surpass at least as much what they are *now*, as the reason and the judgment of a man exceed those of a child. But however this may be, certain we are that the faculties with which we are at present blessed, and which are essential to our nature, shall be to a wonderful degree invigorated and improved. They shall be capable of taking in far more copious views, and abundantly larger emanations of God's excellence, nay, of tracing the hidden springs of his mysterious operations. The

vol'ume of na'ture, of Prov'idence, and of redem'ption, shall be reve'aled; and all the rec'ords, both of time and eter'nity, shall be o'pened and expla'ined. We already' know, in some meas'ure, the charms of novelty, and feel the delight which arises from the contempla'tion of objects new, grand, and beau'tiful. Let us imagine then, if we can, the pleas'ing sensa'tions we shall expe'ience, the high trans'ports we shall feel, when other and unsee'n worlds shall be disclo'sed to our view, and all the glo'ries of the cele'stial par'adise beam on our won'dering eyes.

SAVILE.



ON REMORSE.

As the grea'ter and more irrepa'rabable the e'vil that is done, resent'ment of the suff'erer runs nat'urally the high'er; so does li'kewise the sympathetic indignation of the specta'tor, as well as the sense of guilt in the a'gent. Death is the greatest e'vil which one man can inflic't upon' ano'ther, and exci'tes the highest degree' of resent'ment in those who are imme'diately connected with the slain. Mur'der, the'refore, is the most atro'cious of all crimes, which affect individuals o'nly, in the sight both of man'kind and of the per'son who has committ'ed it. To be depri'ved of that which

we are possess'ed of, is a greater evil than to be disappointed of what we have o'nly the expecta'tion. Breach of property the'refore, theft and robbery, which take from us what we are possess'ed of, are greater crimes than breach of con'tract, which o'nly disappoints us what we expect'ed. The most sa'cred laws of jus'tice, the'refore, those whose viola'tion seems to call loudest for ven'geance and pun'ishment, are the laws which guard the life and person of our neigh'bour; the next are those which gua'rd his prop'erty and possess'ions; and last of all come those which guard what are called his per'sonal rights, or what is due to him from the prom'ises of others.

The violator of the more sa'cred law of jus'tice can never reflect on the sen'timents which man'kind must entertain with regard to him, withou't fee'ling all the ag'onies of shame, and horr'or, and consterna'tion. When his pass'ion is grat'ified, and he begins coolly to reflect on his past conduct, he can enter into none of the mo'tives which in'fluenced it. They appe'ar now as detest'able to him as they did always to other pe'ople. By sympathi'zing with the ha'tred and abhor'rence which other men must entertain for him, he becom'es in some meas'ure the object of his own ha'tred and abhor'rence. The estima'tion of the per'son who suffered by his injus'tice now calls upon his pit'y. He is grie'ved at the thought of it; regret's the unhappy effect's of his own con'duct; and feels at the same time that they have ren'dered him the prop'er object of the resent'ment and indigna'tion of man'kind,

and of what is the nat'ural consequence of resentment, vengeance, and punishment. The thought of this perpetually haunts him, and fills him with terror and amazement. He dares no longer look society in the face, but imagines himself as it were rejected, and thrown out from the affection of all mankind. He can't hope for the consolation of sympathy in this his greatest and most dreadful distress'. The remembrance of his crimes has shut out all fellow feeling with him from the hearts of his fellow-creatures. The sentiments which they entertain with regard to him are the very things which he is most afraid of. Every thing seems hostile, and he would be glad to fly to some inhospitable desert, where he might never more behold the face of a human creature, nor read in the countenance of mankind the condemnation of his crimes. But solitude is still more dreadful than society. His own thoughts can present him with nothing but what is black, unfortunate and disastrous, the melancholy forebodings of incomprehensible misery and ruin. The horror of solitude drives him back to society, and he comes again into the presence of mankind, astonished to appear before them loaded with shame and distracted with fear, in order to supplicate some little protection from the countenance of those very judges, who he knows have already all unanimously condemned him. Such is the nature of that sentiment, which is properly called remorse; of all the sentiments which can enter the human breast the most dreadful. It is made up of shame from the

sense of the impropriety of past conduct; of grief for the effects of it; of pity for those who suffer by it; and of the dread and terr'or of punishment from the consciousness of the justly-provoked resentment of all rational creatures.

DR. ADAM SMITH.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

Let no one who has the least particle of the base alloy of en'vy in his feelings to'wards him whom he calls his friend', who is willing to hear and countenance abatements of his qualities, talents, or virtues, dare to assume that almost sacred name. He is equally unworthy of it if he stand by in neutrality when cal'umny is busily passing against; and still more, if by smiles he gives his countenance, and half his consent' to the sto'ry of detraction and abatement. It is a forfeiture of the right of the name, though it may be a less worthy, to make the person called friend the subject of jest and ridicule. In regard to these points the duties are clear, distinct, palpable, and not compromised. Every honourable mind feels, in witnessing any infraction of the laws of equity or strict justice, a sentiment of recoil and disgust, difficult perhaps to define, but one which instantly designates the person guilty of it as unworthy of the

name of friend. Hon'est, frank, and disin'terested advice, espec'ially in rela'tion to concern's of great in'terest to a pa'rty, is a par'amount obliga'tion, whether the advi'sed will bear or forbea'r. This prerog'ative may, indeed, be clai'med by unfeeling and rude blunt'ness; but, by a discrim'inating mind, the sugges'tions of a coun'terfeit, will nev'er be mista'ken for those of gen'uine friend'ship.

In a word, the profess'ion of friend'ship is too often a mock'ery of cold and affect'ed sentimental'ity. But the sen'timent exists, pure, simple, delightful. Neither faw'ning, nor cant, nor flatt'ery, nor any mix'ture of earth's mould makes any part of it. Hon'ourable, dignified, unsha'ken, it feels its obliga'tions,—and discharges them. The reputa'tion, char'acter, and whole in'terest of the friend is his ob'ject, and his high'est happiness his pray'er. In ho'ly separa'tion from the hol'low in'tercourse, false phra'ses, and dece'itful compliments of fash'ion; and to what is called the world, it is fai'thful and consis'tent, under all proofs and trials, until death; and when the eyes of the depa'r'ted are clo'sed, his memory is enshrined in the remem'brance of the survi'vor.

ON SWEARING.

It is not e'asy to perce'ive what *pleas'ure* can ari'se from the empty sound of sens'eless interjec'tions; nor

what superior entertainment can spring from the profane sound of *God, devil, damn, curse*, than from the sound of *wax, wafer, pens, ink*, or any other words of the same syllables. It is not easy to perceive what *profit* is annexed to it. Whatever fortune may be made by perjury, I believe there never was a man who made a fortune by common swearing. It often happens that they are paid for it. It is not easy to perceive that *honour* or *credit* is connected with it. Does any man receive promotion because he is a notable blusterer? Or is any man advanced to dignity because he is expert at profane swearing? Never. Low must be the character which such impertinence can exalt; high must be the character which such impertinence cannot degrade. Inexcusable, therefore, must be the practice which has neither reason nor passion to support it. The drunkard has his cups, the satirist his revenge, the ambitious man his preferments, the miser his gold, but the common swearer has nothing; he is a fool at large; sells his soul for nought; and drudges in the service of the devil *gratis*. Swearing is void of all plea. It is not the native offspring of the soul, nor interwoven with the texture of the body, nor any how allied to our frame; for, as Tillotson expresses it, "though some men pour out oaths as if they were natural, yet no man was ever born of a swearing constitution." But it is a custom, a low and paltry custom, picked up by low and paltry spirits who have no sense of honour, nor regard to decency; but are forced to substitute

some rhapsody of non'sense to supply the place of good sense. Hence the silliness of the practice can only be equalled by the silliness of those who adopt it.

THE INTERCOURSE EXISTING BETWEEN MEN OF LETTERS.

How pure is the sentiment, how simple the pleasure, which flow from the intercourse of two persons united by similar opinions and like desires, who have both cultivated letters! With what rapidity the moments of these charming conversations fly! Even the hours consecrated to study are less pleasant, less instructive. Such a friend, so to speak, is of a different nature from that of the rest of men. They either conceal our defects, or cause us to see them from motives of ill feelings. A friend so discusses them in our presence as not to wound us. He kindly reproaches us with faults to our face, which he extenuates or excuses before others in our absence. We can never fully comprehend to what extent a friend may be useful and dear, until after having been a long time the faithful companion of his good and evil fortune. What emotion we experience in giving ourselves up to the remembrance of the common perils, storms, and trials we have experienced together! It is never without

ten'derness of heart that we say,—“ We have had the same thoughts, affec'tions, and hopes. Such an event pen'e'trated us with com'mon joy ; such another filled us with grief. Uni'ting our eff'orts, we res'cued a vic'tim of pov'erty and misfor'tune. We mu'tually sha'ed his tears of grati'tude. The ha'rd neces'sity of cir'cumstances sep'arated us ; and our paths so diver'ged, that seas and moun'tains di'vided us. But we still remained pres'ent to each other in commu'nion of thought. He had fears for me, and I for him, or we foresa'w each oth'ers da'ngers. Finally, we met again ; what charms, what effu'sion of heart in the union !”

MULTIPLICITY OF HAPPINESS.

The boun'tiful Crea'tor of our be'ing has sup'plied his cre'atures with sources of hap'piness so va'rious and so multiplied, that the me'anest peas'ant may find them in his da'ily path ; while, to the lib'eral and enlight'ened mind, earth, air, and o'cean teem with wonder and delight. How, then, can there be sin in o'pening the heart to those pleas'ures which the pres'ent state of existence affo'rds. The great and impo'rtant question is, in what man'ner and in what meas'ure we shall enjoy them ?

If the bod'y be permit'ted to gain the ascen'dancy,—if we spend our mon'ey, our time, and our energies,

in min'istering to the gratifica'tion of our sen'ses—whether in gro'ss indulgence, or in that which is more refined and volup'tuous, well may we shud'der to perceive in that bod'y the symp'tom of dise'ase or age; when we know that it must pass' awa'y in'to a state which of'fers ev'ry thing humil'iating and repuls'ive to the nat'ural fee'lings. But if, on the oth'er hand, our pleas'ures and pursu'its have been such as to el'ebrate and purify the mind, that mind being itself immortal, will rejoice at the pros'pect of that day when it shall burst the bonds of its prison-house, and leave behin'd the gross imped'iments of clay.

But how, asks the young re'ader, is it possible to attain this state of men'tal exalta'tion? My dear young friends, well may you hesitate befo're you attempt so difficult an ascen't without the help of relig'ion; but relig'ion, vul'gar, degra'ded, tramp'led-upon' relig'ion is a'ble to accom'plish all this for you; and that without the aid of sci'ence or philos'ophy; and relig'ion has done so much for man'y whose po'rtion in this world was to be despised and objec'ted of men; convinc'ing them by the su'rest ev'idence that the termina'tion of life is not in itself an e'vil, nor the appro'ach to it a se'ason of dread. That death may be compelled to lay down his hid'eous as'pect, may ce'ase to be a king of terrors; and, pla'cing on his brow the di'adem of peace, may stretch forth his hand, in ki'ndly wel'come, to the shores of a long wished-for eter'nity. As a farther proof how much the bod'y may be made subser'vient to the mind, we have o'nly to refer to the his'tory of some of the

a'ncient philos'ophers who knew not God, and yet were a'ble to meet death with ca'lmness and satisfac'tion, and plunge, without' fear, in'to the abyss of uncer'tainty. If, then, the case of these won'derful be'ings who shone like stars in the dis'tant fir'mament, and beautiful in their own lus'tres but dim'ly appe'aring befo're the glo'rious orb of day,—if the case of these won'derful men suppli'ed us with proof, how much the bod'y may be brought in'to subjec'tion to the mind, how much of firm'ness and for'titude may be atta'ined, how much resigna'tion of self and sen'sual enjoy'ment may be effected by a stead'y and systematic cultiva'tion of intellectual pow'ers, combined with a contemp't for those luxu'ries and pleas'ures which affo'rd gratifica'tion to the sen'ses alone; what should be the express'ion of our joy—what the meas'ure of our grat'itude to Him who has permitt'ed us in this our day to add to the neg'a-tive satisfac'tion of the sto'ic, the high hopes, and the glo'rious priv'ileges which relig'ion alo'ne can offer. Philos'ophy may destro'y the bur'den of the bod'y, but relig'ion gives wings to the soul. Philos'ophy may enable us to look down upon death with contemp't, but relig'ion te'aches us to look up to hea'ven with hope. Philos'ophy may suppo'rt us to the brink of the grave, but relig'ion conduc'ts us beyon'd it. Philos'ophy unfolds a rich store of enjoy'ment, relig'ion makes it eter'nal. Happy is the heart where relig'ion holds her throne, and philos'ophy, her noble handmaid, ministers to her exalta'tion.



ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

ON MODERN ASTRONOMY.

We all know that every visible object appears less in magnitude as it recedes from the eye. The lofty vessel as it retires from the coast, shrinks into littleness, and at last appears in the form of a small speck on the verge of the horizon. The eagle, with its expanded wings, is a noble object; but when it takes its flight into the upper regions of the air, it becomes less to the eye, and is seen like a dark spot upon the vault of heaven. The same is true of all magnitude. The heavenly bodies appear small to the eye of an inhabitant of this earth, only from the immensity of their distance. When we talk of hundreds of millions of miles, it is not to be listened to as incredible. For remember that we are talking of those bodies which are scattered over the immensity of space, and that space knows no termination. The conception is great and difficult, but the truth is unquestionable. By a process of measurement, which it is unnecessary at present to explain, we have ascertained first the distance, and then the magnitude of some of those bodies which roll in the firmament; that the sun which presents itself to the eye under so diminutive a form, is

really a globe, exceeding, by many thousands of times, the dimensions of the earth which we inhabit; that the moon itself has the magnitude of a world; and that even a few of those stars, which appear like so many lucid points to the unassisted eye of the observer, expand into large circles upon the application of the telescope, and are some of them much larger than the ball which we tread upon, and to which we proudly apply the denomination of the universe.

Now, what is the fair and obvious presumption? The world in which we live, is a round ball of a determined magnitude, and occupies its own place in the firmament. But when we explore the unlimited tracts of that space, which is every where around us, we meet with other balls of equal or superior magnitude, and from which our earth would either be invisible, or appear as small as any of those twinkling stars which are seen on the canopy of heaven. Why then suppose that this little spot, little at least in the immensity which surrounds it, should be the exclusive abode of life and of intelligence? What reason to think that those mightier globes which roll in other parts of creation, and which we have discovered to be worlds in magnitude, are not also worlds in use and in dignity? Why should we think that the great Architect of nature, supreme in wisdom as he is in power, would call these stately mansions into existence and leave them unoccupied? When we cast our eye over the broad sea, and look at the country on the other side, we see nothing but the blue land stretching

obscurely over the distant horizon. We are too far away to perceive the richness of its scenery, or to hear the sound of its population. Why not extend this principle to the still more distant parts of the universe? What though, from this remote point of observation, we can see nothing but the naked roundness of yon planetary orbs? Are we therefore to say, that they are so many vast and unpeopled solitudes; that desolation reigns in every part of the universe but ours; that the whole energy of the divine attributes is expended on one insignificant corner of these mighty works; and that to this earth alone, belongs the bloom of vegetation, or the blessedness of life, or the dignity of rational and immortal existence?

But this is not all. We have something more than the mere magnitude of the planets, to allege in favour of the idea that they are inhabited. We know that this earth turns round upon itself; and we observe that all those celestial bodies, which are accessible to such an observation, have the same movement. We know that the earth performs a yearly revolution round the sun; and we can detect in all the planets which compose our system, a revolution of the same kind, and under the same circumstances. They have the same succession of day and night. They have the same agreeable vicissitude of the seasons. To them, light and darkness succeed each other; and the gaiety of summer is followed by the dreariness of winter. To each of them the heavens present as varied and magnificent a spectacle; and this earth, the encompassing

of which would require the labour of years from one of its puny inhabitants, is but one of the lesser lights which sparkle in their firmament. To them, as well as to us, has God divided the light from the darkness, and he has called the light day, and the darkness he has called night. He has said, let there be lights in the firmament of their heaven, to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and for years; and let them be for lights in the firmament of heaven, to give lights upon their earth; and it was so. And God has also made to them great lights. To all of them he has given the sun to rule the day; and to many of them has he given moons to rule the night. To them he has made the stars also. And God has set them in the firmament of heaven, to give light unto their earth; and to rule over the day, and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness; and God has seen that it was good.

In all these greater arrangements of divine wisdom, we can see that God has done the same things for the accommodation of the planets that he has done for the earth which we inhabit. And shall we say, that the resemblance stops here, because we are not in a situation to observe it? Shall we say, that this scene of magnificence has been called into being merely for the amusement of a few astronomers? Shall we measure the counsels of heaven by the narrow impotence of the human faculties? or conceive, that silence and solitude reign throughout the mighty empire of nature; that

the greater part of creation is an empty parade ; and that not a worshipper of the Divinity is to be found through the wide extent of yon vast and immeasurable regions ?

It lends a delightful confirmation to the argument, when, from the growing perfection of our instruments, we can discover a new point of resemblance between our earth and the other bodies of the planetary system. It is now ascertained, not merely that all of them have their day and night, and that all of them have their vicissitudes of seasons, and that some of them have their moons to rule their night and alleviate the darkness of it. We can see of one, that its surface rises into inequalities, that it swells into mountains and stretches into valleys ; of another, that it is surrounded by an atmosphere which may support the respiration of animals ; of a third, that clouds are formed and suspended over it, which may minister to it all the bloom and luxuriance of vegetation ; and of a fourth, that a white colour spreads over its northern regions, as its winter advances, and that on the approach of summer this whiteness is dissipated—giving room to suppose, that the element of water abounds in it, that it rises by evaporation into its atmosphere, that it freezes upon the application of cold, that it is precipitated in the form of snow, that it covers the ground with a fleecy mantle, which melts away from the heat of a more vertical sun ; and that other worlds bear a resemblance to our own, in the same yearly round of beneficent and interesting changes.

Who shall assign a limit to the discoveries of future ages? Who can prescribe to science her boundaries, or restrain the active and insatiable curiosity of man within the circle of his present acquirements? We may guess with plausibility what we cannot anticipate with confidence. The day may yet be coming, when our instruments of observation shall be inconceivably more powerful. They may ascertain still more decisive points of resemblance. They may resolve the same question by the evidence of sense which is now so abundantly convincing by the evidence of analogy. They may lay open to us the unquestionable vestiges of art, and industry, and intelligence. We may see summer throwing its green mantle over these mighty tracts, and we may see them left naked and colourless after the flush of vegetation has disappeared. In the progress of years, or of centuries, we may trace the hand of cultivation spreading a new aspect over some portion of a planetary surface. Perhaps some large city, the metropolis of a mighty empire, may expand into a visible spot by the powers of some future telescope. Perhaps the glass of some observer, in a distant age, may enable him to construct the map of another world, and to lay down the surface of it in all its minute and topical varieties. But there is no end of conjecture, and to the men of other times we leave the full assurance of what we can assert with the highest probability, that yon planetary orbs are so many worlds, that they teem with life, and that the mighty Being who presides in high authority over this

scene of grandeur and astonishment, has there planted the worshippers of his glory.

Did the discoveries of science stop here, we have enough to justify the exclamation of the Psalmist, "What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou shouldest deign to visit him?" They widen the empire of creation far beyond the limits which were formerly assigned to it. They give us to see that yon sun, throned in the centre of his planetary system, gives light, and warmth, and the vicissitude of seasons, to an extent of surface, several hundreds of times greater than that of the earth which we inhabit. They lay open to us a number of worlds, rolling in their respective circles around this vast luminary—and prove, that the ball which we tread upon, with all its mighty burden of oceans and continents, instead of being distinguished from the others, is among the least of them; and, from some of the more distant planets, would not occupy a visible point in the concave of their firmament. They let us know, that though this mighty earth, with all its myriads of people, were to sink into annihilation, there are some worlds where an event so awful to us would be unnoticed and unknown, and others where it would be nothing more than the disappearance of a little star which had ceased from its twinkling. We should feel a sentiment of modesty at this just but humiliating representation. We should learn not to look on our earth as the universe of God, but one paltry and insignificant portion of it; that it is only one of the

many mansions which the Supreme Being has created for the accommodation of his worshippers, and only one of the many worlds rolling in that flood of light which the sun pours around him to the outer limits of the planetary system.

But is there nothing beyond these limits? The planetary system has its boundary, but space has none; and if we wing our fancy there, do we only travel through dark and unoccupied regions? There are only five, or at most six, of the planetary orbs visible to the naked eye. What, then, is that multitude of other lights which sparkle in our firmament, and fill the whole concave of heaven with innumerable splendours? The planets are all attached to the sun; and, in circling around him, they do homage to that influence which binds them to perpetual attendance on this great luminary. But the other stars do not own his dominion. They do not circle around him. To all common observation, they remain immoveable; and each, like the independent sovereign of his own territory, appears to occupy the same inflexible position in the regions of immensity. What can we make of them? Shall we take our adventurous flight to explore these dark and untravelled dominions? What mean these innumerable fires lighted up in distant parts of the universe? Are they only made to shed a feeble glimmering over this little spot in the kingdom of nature? or do they serve a purpose worthier of themselves, to light up other worlds, and give animation to other systems?

The first thing which strikes a scientific observer of the fixed stars, is their immeasurable distance. If the whole planetary system were lighted up into a globe of fire, it would exceed, by many millions of times, the magnitude of this world, and yet only appear a small lucid point from the nearest of them. If a body were projected from the sun with the velocity of a cannon-ball, it would take hundreds of thousands of years before it described that mighty interval which separates the nearest of the fixed stars from our sun and from our system. If this earth, which moves at more than the inconceivable velocity of a million and a half miles a-day, were to be hurried from its orbit, and to take the same rapid flight over this immense tract, it would not have arrived at the termination of its journey, after taking all the time which has elapsed since the creation of the world. These are great numbers, and great calculations, and the mind feels its own impotency in attempting to grasp them. We can state them in words. We can exhibit them in figures. We can demonstrate them by the powers of a most rigid and infallible geometry. But no human fancy can summon up a lively or an adequate conception—can roam in its ideal flight over this immeasurable largeness—can take in this mighty space in all its grandeur, and in all its immensity—can sweep the outer boundaries of such a creation—or lift itself up to the majesty of that great and invisible arm, on which all is suspended.

DR. CHALMERS.



ON THE IMPORTANCE OF TIME.

To break the shackles of prejudice, and set at liberty the long imprisoned captive ; to form the heart to virtue, and, in consequence, the mind to peace ; are objects worthy the endeavours of the ablest writers, in the most enlightened age. To impress conviction on the minds of youth, of the numberless advantages to be obtained by a proper employment of their time, of the great importance and swift departure of it, are the main purposes of this essay. The man of pleasure, the *bon vivant*, will be immediately alarmed, by supposing I am about to infringe upon and curtail his imaginary enjoyments, and will drown the whisperings of reason in the riotous clamourings of dissipation ; while the candid observer will listen and adhere to the dictates of propriety, and be guided therein by an internal conviction.

Time, the common possession of every man, is capable of affording the richest products, if carefully attended to and cultivated ; and, undoubtedly, the cultivation of such possessions as are of most value, should be the principal concern of the possessor, in order to render them the more advantageous. It is to time we owe all the pleasures and happiness of the present state. It is time that prompts research, and perfects discovery. The splendid achievements of naval and military glory, the progress of religion, the gigantic strides of science, and the unbounded

display of arts, are all the work of time; and, by extending our view of the great and important advantages resulting to society from the cultivation of time, the pages of biography will immediately present us with the names of Hale, Newton, Bacon, &c., whose works have so largely contributed to the knowledge and happiness of mankind, whose lives may be held up as examples worthy the admiration and imitation of their fellow men, and clearly develope to the contemplative mind the necessity of making the utmost use of the present moment: while on the other hand examples are too numerous of those who, by a disregard to the proper employment of time, suffer idleness and debauchery, clothed in the garments of pleasure, to delude and corrupt their imaginations, to disturb their peace, and finally destroy their morals.

The frailties of the human frame, the important duties affixed to life, and at the best the short duration of it, are, or should be, equally stimulatives to a proper employment of our time. Sickness may impede our progress: disease may chill the ardour of our pursuits; accident may endanger our lives; or the sweeping scythe of death may crop the opening flower just blooming to the sun, and rob us of existence at a moment when we little expect him, and when we are least prepared: it is, therefore, highly necessary that we should endeavour—

To catch the light-wing'd moments in their flight,
And stamp importance on the passing hour.

But, alas! how little is it taken notice of! and,

though the advantages to be obtained are so immeasurable, yet inventions are exhausted—

To lash the lingering moments into speed
And whirl us, happy riddance, from ourselves!

The midnight ball, the riotous masquerade, the trifling card-table, are amusements aptly fitted for the purpose; and in the haunts of vice and folly, where mirth and revelry display their fancied charms, time is disposed of at a painful rate: the hours so wasted never can return! Notwithstanding, common experience clearly demonstrates that the general situations of this life are unfortunate and calamitous; and although the important truths contained in the Holy Scriptures point out the necessity of so employing the transitory duration allotted thereto, so as to become fit petitioners for the mercy of heaven, and enjoyrse of a life to come, eternal and everlasting; yet is the light of reason so blinded by the mists of error and prejudice, that few persons really consider how important and invaluable is time. It is not a little extraordinary to find ourselves surrounded with beings who appear to be rational, and who acknowledge the value of the very possessions they are squandering away, yet continue eagerly to pursue pleasures which in the end must disappoint them—pleasures which, when enjoyed, become pains!

When we consider the business of life, and the various avocations or pursuits that engage the attention of man, we shall also perceive that time steps forward and readily offers his assistance towards their accom-

plishment ; and there can be no excuse for those who, reconciling themselves to the evils of procrastination, carelessly neglect to seize the present moment. The mind of man in every station appears to be constantly in pursuit of happiness ; but, from some defect in the education of the generality, this happiness is supposed to exist in the vacant enjoyments of indolence or sensual gratification ; and, with unfortunate zeal, they launch on the ocean of vice, and are tossed on the turbulent tempests of passion. The happiness thus sought is never found ; nor can it be supposed that the man who rests on the supine couch of indolence, in a sleep of delusion, can ever experience even a transient ray of solid happiness. For want of exercise, his bodily functions become incapacitated to fulfil their several duties ; for want of exercise, the nobler enjoyments of a cultivated understanding are supplied only by a barrenness of mind and feebleness of intellect. Thus the heart becomes prejudiced, till, alas ! the conflict of life is over, and he is snatched away—

To that undiscovered country,

From whose bourne no traveller returns.

The general anxiety of man seems to be principally, that he may live—not that he may live well ; or in other words, to do good : he therefore considers, that, having obtained the necessary supply for his bodily support, by dedicating a portion of his hours to his business or occupation, he has little more to do than to form plans for the dissipation of the remainder. This observation, I think, may be proved, by turning our

attention to some principal characters in the different situations in life : examples of this among the men of affluence, whose possessions are vast, are too numerous : but likewise in the middle order, skilful artists and mechanics, who by their abilities are enabled to earn considerable sums in a short space of time are frequently seen devoting the remainder as long as their wages will admit, to the most degrading idleness and dissipation. There is, however, no general rule without an exception ; and I am happy to admit there are some who nobly deviate from such conduct.

Since then it is so absolutely necessary to make the most of every moment of our time, it may not be amiss to conclude these observations with a few remarks on the proper employment of it. The store house of religion is open : the most precious gems are therein contained : every one has an opportunity of becoming a sharer in the unbounded stock of sacred treasure. Time points the way ; lose not the present moment ; but seize the kindly offered prize. An employment of every leisure hour in the duties of religion, and obtaining a true knowledge of ourselves, will enable us to regulate our moral conduct so as to glide unmolested down the rapid stream of life, and finally to enter the haven of eternal joy.

BENEFITS OF REGULARITY AND VIRTUOUS CONDUCT.

The creation exhibits a finished picture of consistency, uniformity, and order, and the just exactitude evident in the most minute work of the Almighty hand, tends to prove that it is from thence nature draws her unequalled beauty. Wherefore, man living negligent of order, and contrary to that regularity of conduct essential to his happiness and comfort, militates against the designs, and daringly violates the laws of God ; as by judicious laws and regulations the peace and internal tranquillity of nations are preserved, so, by union and fit propriety, is the domestic felicity of private families secured. By just order and regulation, the meanest plebeian is fitted for his situation in life, and fulfils the duties thereof with as much honour to himself as the most potent prince in the government of his empire. It is the sense of propriety that stimulates the obedience of the subject to the king, and regulates the conduct and prompts the submission of the servant to his master. It is that which excites the parent to love, cherish, and promote the comfort of his offspring ; and the child in return, to behave with mutual tenderness, and follow with due obedience the will of his parents.

As all men, in the various and multiplied stations of life, may, by circumspection and regularity of conduct, become their several stations ; so, on the con-

trary, those who live heedlessly, without forethought or determined management, are continually involved in tumult and confusion: nor can their affairs be otherwise, since it cannot be expected that an inconsiderate choice of things to be done, want of judgment in the time, and ignorance of the fittest method of performing them, can ever be crowned with success, or terminate satisfactorily. In fact, I must affirm, that to live unthinkingly in the world, without a fixed rule of conduct, is one of the most abundant sources of misery in life. The actions of a wise man will be clearly in unison with the harmony of the creation; every circumstance in which he is engaged is undertaken with prudence, and carried into execution with caution and consistency; and, however unfortunate the event may prove, he still enjoys the pleasureable satisfaction of feeling, in his own conscience, that his intention was good, though the result, by the unforeseen contingencies incident to human affairs, ran counter to his wishes and expectation.

The world, as it emerged from a mass of undigested matter, and at the fiat of the Creator, assumed the beauty discoverable in all its parts; so were it divested of the order and proportion that now pervades it, would it not immediately fall into an undistinguishable chaos of confusion? And were man left without the guidance of rule, and swayed only by his passions and inclinations, we should soon find him involved in a desperate conflict between his will and his reason. Alas! when a mind, from ill government, betrays

internal tumult, the faculties of its melancholy possessor are convulsed, his ideas are wandering and perplexed, his imagination bewildered, and, when the period arrives that reason throweth off the shackles of imprudence, conscience never fails poignantly to condemn his want of consideration.

The world, however thoughtless in its own favourite habits, will readily arraign the man who appears to do business without method, and lives without regulation. In fact, who could place confidence in that character whose actions are as uncertain as the wind, and whose promises cannot be relied on? in a word, whose qualities are enveloped in caprice, and whose only guide the premature impulse of the moment. This man merits reprobation, and he is considered as one who interrupts the harmony of society; and is accordingly judged incapable of performing the duties of amity, or preserving inviolate the ties of civilised compact. Nor is he unjustly stigmatised; for can he, who has no government over his own passions and conduct, be supposed to possess one virtuous property conducive to the general good or ornament of his fellow-creatures? The man governed by his inordinate affections, and whose uncontrolled wishes wildly pursue their gratifications, may justly be compared to a kingdom void of all law and government, where its inhabitants, rising superior to legislative order or a sense of subordination, are continually imbrued in civil anarchy. The mind of such a man is rent with tumultuous and contending passions, and his

heart is an utter stranger to peace and tranquillity. It should be considered that he who thus acts in manifest opposition to the laws of his Creator, certainly frustrates the very end of his existence : nay, his degradation is such, that he degenerates beneath the beasts that perish, inasmuch as they perform the purposes for which they were made. From insects man may draw the most useful lessons of economy. Let him behold the wisdom of the ant, and lament his folly. Let him review the indefatigable labours of the bee, and from her unremitting exertions, let him learn the excellence of industry : and hence, (shame to a superior being, endowed with reason and faculties capable of the most sublime functions), let him be taught virtue ! Let him reflect they are infinitely more honourable to their Maker, and more obedient to his commands, and mark with dismay—

How those in common all their wealth bestow,
towards the general weal : they, though void of sense and judgment, rebel not against his will, nor deviate from the paths that nature has allotted them. Let these considerations, I say, instruct man ; let him also be convinced, and avow his inferiority to those little creatures which he presumes to despise, and blush at the abject confession !

We have attempted to delineate the disagreeables arising from a conduct void of order and regularity ; a few observations will now be offered on that mode of manners and behaviour, the most important to our comfort, and which, if adopted in our earlier years,

may carry us through life in safety and peace, and at the termination of it afford the most sanguine hope of everlasting happiness.

The youth, on its first entrance into public life, whatever be its aim, self-moderation and government are essentially incumbent. The fallacious scenes then presenting themselves to view are at once uncommonly flattering and delusive; and, as yet inexperienced and forcibly impelled by lively spirits, we rush into dangerous indiscretions, that too often our riper years and sober reason most bitterly lament. Credulous and inconsiderate, we are apt to gild every prospect, and our youthful imaginations depicture pleasures springing up on every side; nor do we discover the serpent concealed from our view till cruel disappointment crushes our expectations, and leaves us to regret the rashness of our conduct, and the imminence of our danger. Thus, then, to avoid these perils, an early and serious regard to rectitude and regularity of manners is absolutely necessary; nor can we act a wiser part than laying down a certain plan of demeanour, and accustom ourselves to the regular observance of it; by which we shall arrive at such a standard of judgment, that we may be enabled at all times rightly to estimate things of value, and reject those which, however inviting in appearance, are unworthy; and, what is of infinitely more importance, amid the infidelity, false doctrines, and prejudices of the times, we may, for the most part, weigh its errors in the just scales of reason, and give the preference *to the holding*

fast that which is good. Be assured adherence to virtue and probity is the only foundation of all that is good, honourable, or valuable in life.

The importance of an early attention to conduct thus impressed, we will now observe that pity, and a strict observance of the precepts and doctrines of revealed religion, are indispensably necessary. In youth, a religious disposition is highly meritorious; while, on the other hand, a negligence of divine obligations and disregard of religion indicates a heart destitute of every generous emotion. At this period of life the passions glow with ardour, and impressions which the heart at that time receives are generally lasting, and—

Grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength.

Wherefore, if in our youth we cultivate a due regard to religion, we shall imbibe such a sense of gratitude and love towards our Creator, such a zeal in his service, and reverence of his word, that neither time nor the vitiated practices of the world will be able to draw us aside from the paths of duty. Neither the misfortunes nor the vicissitudes of the successive periods of our lives will be able to interrupt our religious sentiments.

Youth erroneously imagine that religion imposes the necessity of solemnity of manners, and asperity in reproving the faults of others; but this is a gross error, and repugnant to the dictates of Christianity. True religion is averse to superciliousness, and breathes in affability the true spirit of meekness. It forbids not social cheerfulness, within the bounds of reason; but

is an avowed enemy to superstitious bigotry and unnecessary formalities.

The principles of piety inculcated, every other moral duty will be discharged from motives of conscience. We shall honour and reverence our parents; we shall submit with humility to our superiors, either in age, wisdom, or station; and to those in subjection, our exemplary conduct will be attended with the most beneficial consequences, both as respects their moral improvement, as well as diligent employment of time. Remarking the comfort and advantages we apparently derive from a pious conduct, our servants will become virtuous, and, from our precepts and example, labour indefatigably in our employ, and ultimately promote our interest.

In youth, modest diffidence and humble deference of opinion are truly becoming, and the acknowledged presages of real merit. While no deformity is so degrading to a young man, or more subversive of his future advancement in life, than self-conceit in obstinately pursuing the dictates of his own judgment, however contradictory to the wishes, and averse to the ripper opinions of his more experienced friends.—Alas! how many have been brought into contempt by precipitancy, and that positive, unyielding self-opinion, that proudly towers above all conviction, and have been ashamed of their rashness and former arrogance.

Youth should be familiarised to scenes of distress. They should visit the habitations of wretchedness, and a sense of justice will excite commiseration for the

distresses of others ; for what is more honourable to the human character, the certain indication of a good heart, than to sympathise with another's woe? Let not the comforts we enjoy, or the numerous blessings the Almighty has so liberally bestowed on us engender selfishness, nor steal our heart against the necessities of our fellow-creatures : for, be assured, to sport with misfortune argues a degenerate heart, in which no feeling that dignifies human nature claims resort.

I shall conclude this essay with observing, that sincerity and truth are so requisite in all our dealings, that no qualification can compensate for the want of them. The character of ambiguity renders us liable to constant suspicion. Dissimulation in youth is particularly odious, and leads indisputably to the commission of the most perfidious actions as we advance in life. Let us then adhere to truth and justice, ever bearing in mind that sublime rule of doing always to others what we would they should do unto us ; and, whatever our misfortunes, we need not blush at poverty ; conscious integrity will soothe the haggard brow of distress, and, amid our necessities, cheer us with that serenity, which neither earth can give, nor man deprive us of.

F I N I S.

